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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-seventh year. It is published every day except on Sundays, and is one of the largest and most influential papers in the State. It is published at the office of the publisher, 102 THACHER STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Local Matters.

Deadlock over Police Chief.

The changes in the personnel of the Newport police force, recommended by Mayor Burlingame to the board of aldermen last week have not yet gone into effect, the board being deadlocked over the recommendations. The whole matter will probably be laid before the representative council at an early date. This matter has aroused more public interest than anything else that has transpired here for a long time, even including the re-organization of the fire department. The recommendations as made by the Mayor last week were that Captain Northup should be made chief, Sergeant William H. Wilcox captain, and Chief Crowley sergeant. As Captain Northup has declined the promotion, Mayor Burlingame has now recommended that Patrolman Charles S. Gregory be chief, and that Chief Crowley be reduced to patrolman. There was an immense gathering in the city hall on Thursday evening, when the board of aldermen were to take up the recommendations, and both sides were represented by loyal counsel. Mayor Burlingame first read Captain Northup's declination, on account of ill health, and then withdrew his first recommendations substituting those mentioned above. Letters were read from T. Saffron Taylor, Mrs. French Vanderpligt, and William G. Ward, asking for the retention of Chief Crowley, and the Mayor said that he had received similar requests from others. It was moved that the recommendations be separated, for action, the first question to be on the retention of the Chief to be a patrolman. Alderman Hughes suggested that charges against the Chief should be heard in full, and that all members of the department should be called as witnesses if necessary. Mayor Burlingame replied that he had made no charges, that he was doing what he thought best. Attorney Sullivan spoke at some length in favor of Chief Crowley, and was followed by Attorney Mahoney who supported the action of Patrolman Allen who brought the matter to the attention of Mayor Burlingame. Mayor Burlingame took occasion to state his position in the matter, saying that he believed that Chief Crowley had lost control of the force and that he should be demoted. The board then took a vote on the motion to demote Chief Crowley, and the result was a tie, Mayor Burlingame, Aldermen Hanley and Kirby voting in favor of the motion, and Aldermen Hughes, Leddy and Kelly against it. Mayor Burlingame stated that he would take the matter to the representative council. The following motion, presented by Alderman Hughes, was put upon its passage, and was lost on a tie vote: Resolved, That the Board of Aldermen investigate the police department of the city of Newport with the view of increasing its efficiency; for formulate rules and regulations for officers and members that will produce the strictest discipline within the department and also to devise a plan for the examination, physical and mental test, etc., of candidates for vacancies on the permanent police force, or any office of said permanent police force, and also to inquire into the probability of further reforms from said permanent police force.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, there being much routine business in addition to the consideration of police department matters. It was decided to call a meeting of the representative council for May 10th, at which time action will be taken on the police department, on the matter of regulating jitneys, on licensing stores for Sunday morning sales, and on a returning board for the city. A petition of Miss Mary Appleton, asking that the Day State Company be required to furnish her with electric service was referred to Aldermen Leddy and Kelly. A temporary loan of \$60,000 was awarded to Solomon Brothers & Hutzler at 2.08. The general contract for changes at the fire stations went to Darling Slide Construction Company at \$1900, for plumbing at headquarters to B. W. Wilson at \$492, and for heating to P. F. Conroy at \$600. Contracts were also let for repairs to roofs of fire stations, and for an asbestos slate roof on the chapel at the City Asylum. Much other business was transacted. The Island Park section of the town of Portsmouth, which has been the scene of many serious fires in the past, was again visited by a conflagration Tuesday evening, several cottages being destroyed. The fire was in what is known as Island Park Annex, which is well to the north of the Park proper, bordering on the shore of the cove. The flames were first discovered in the cottage of Mrs. O'Donnell, which had been occupied during the day in preparation for opening up for the summer. A strong wind prevailed and the flames were quickly carried to adjoining buildings, three cottages being totally destroyed. In the absence of a fire department little could be done to stay the flames, but a large crowd gathered and helped to remove the contents. When the fire reached an open space it burned itself out, having nothing else to destroy. Two Bodies Found. The badly decomposed body of a man was found in the harbor near the Government Landing Wednesday afternoon, and was decided to be that of Timothy Engan, who had been missing for some two months. Although it was not possible to identify the body positively on account of the length of time that it had been in the water, the circumstances were such as to indicate the identity. On the same day, another body was found floating on the west side of Jamestown, and was supposed to be that of one of the crew from the little schooner Fred Snow that was wrecked there last winter. Medical Examiner Sherman pronounced death probably due to accidental drowning in each instance, and gave permission for the removal of the bodies. For Memorial Day. At the meeting of the Memorial Day committee on Wednesday evening, Past Commander James H. Hampton was elected commander of the line for the street parade, and Commander William S. Bailey was elected president of the day. Rev. J. Andrew Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church, will be the orator of the day, and Rev. W. I. Ward, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, will be chaplain of the day. As the Atlantic fleet is expected to be in Newport on Memorial Day, invitation will be sent to the officers and men to participate in the street parade and other ceremonies. Newport will have two foreign legations in the city during the coming summer. The Russian Ambassador will have James Gordon Bennett's "Stone Villa" again, and the Spanish minister will also be located here. The German Embassy, which has spent several summers in Newport, will go to Long Island this year. In addition to the two legations, Governor Whitman of New York and Governor Beekman of Rhode Island will occupy their summer cottages here, and there will be almost countless Rear Admirals, active and retired, in and about Newport. The rentals have been something enormous for this time of year, and the season will undoubtedly open early. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Durfee in New Bedford was visited by a serious fire last week, as the result of which they lost practically all of their belongings in the house, the property that escaped the flames being seriously damaged by smoke and water. The loss was partially covered by insurance. Mr. and Mrs. Durfee are well known in Newport where they lived for a number of years. Mrs. Durfee is the Grand Matron of Rhode Island, Order of the Eastern Star, and is a Past Matron of Aquidneck Chapter of this city.

Death of Father Meenan.

Rev. William B. Meenan, for sixteen years pastor of St. Mary's Church in this city, died at an early hour Saturday morning after a long period of ill health. The serious character of his illness was realized some months ago, and he was for a time under treatment at a hospital in New York. Failing to receive any permanent relief there, he returned to Newport and had the best medical treatment here. A short time before his death he submitted to radium treatment by a famous New York specialist, but pneumonia soon developed and he succumbed to the attack. The news of his death brought sincere sorrow to all residents of Newport. To the people of his parish, among whom he had labored unceasingly and tirelessly until long after his own health had been shattered, his death meant a personal bereavement as keen as any that they have ever felt. The people of the city, outside of his church and outside of his faith, realized that they had lost a strong and able worker in the cause of justice and good government as well as a friend in need to all the distressed. Although Father Meenan devoted his life to the spiritual and material welfare of the people of his church, he was always alert to the necessities of those outside. A gentler, more kind-hearted man never lived, and many a man and woman who were allied with some other church sought his advice and assistance in time of trouble. Quiet in manner, possessed of limitless patience, gentle and kindly in speech and manner, bearing his own burden of sickness in silence while still striving to relieve the burdens of others, Father Meenan freely laid down his life in the great cause for which he had so long worked. None could come into contact with him without learning to love that great heart that beat within his breast. Father Meenan was essentially a Rhode Islander, and he loved his native State with a deep and abiding affection. He was born in Providence in 1855, and obtained his early schooling there. He was employed for a time in a commercial house in the city, but later attended St. Laurent Academy, and afterward the Grand Seminary in Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood on December 21, 1878, and was assigned to a number of churches in the vicinity of Providence for the next few years. His last assignment before coming to Newport was at St. Joseph's Church, Natfick, where he remained from 1887 to 1893. Upon the death of the late Rev. Philip Grace, for many years pastor of St. Mary's Church in this city, Father Meenan was appointed to the vacant pastorate, coming to Newport in January, 1893. Although the affairs of his parish required much hard and thankless work, he quickly identified himself with the interests of the city as a whole and became well known throughout the community. He was largely instrumental in the founding of the St. Clare home and the establishment of the White Sisters who have already accomplished a great deal in the way of help to the sick and needy, regardless of race or creed. He was treasurer of the home, and was a member of the board of commissioners of the Henderson Home for Aged Men. He was the chaplain of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus, and also of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians. Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock the remains were removed from the Rectory to the Church, to lie in state until the hour for the funeral. A guard of honor from the various societies connected with the church was maintained throughout the time that the body rested there, and a continuous stream of parishioners and others passed through the church until a late hour of the night, to obtain their last look upon their friend and adviser. At 8 o'clock the office for the dead was read by the priests of the city, under Rev. Father Tierney, and Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock a mass for the children of the parish was celebrated by Father Tierney. Long before the hour set for the funeral services the streets outside the church were filled with people. Seats within had been reserved for priests, members of the family, representatives of various societies and public officials, so that there was not a great deal of room available for the thousands who desired to attend. As soon as the doors were thrown open the seats were quickly filled and the entire capacity of the church was occupied. At the solemn high mass of requiem, Rev. James Coyle of Taunton was the celebrant, with other prominent priests from nearby cities participating in the service. Rt. Rev. Mathew Harkins, bishop of Providence, read the absolution. The procession that escorted the body from the church to its last resting place in St. Mary's cemetery was a notable one, and the streets were lined with people throughout the route. The line was made up of St. Mary's Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus,

Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society, Ancient Order of Hibernians, St. Mary's Boys Holy Name Society, Queen's Daughters, Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion, Blessed Virgin Rosary Society. Following the hearse came the priests, altar boys, relatives, Mayor and board of aldermen and a long line of parishioners. There were fully as many women as men in the line and it took nearly fifteen minutes to pass. The active bearers were Messrs. Patrick Conneenoy, Andrew K. Quinn, William J. McCormick, Dr. Philip E. Clark, Patrick J. Keegan, and Jeremiah K. Sullivan. A number of visiting priests were designated as honorary bearers.

Fatal Auto Accident.

There was a fatal automobile accident in Middletown, a short distance from the Newport line, last Saturday night, as the result of which Burtis A. Hoyt, a shipping clerk in the employ of Armour & Co., lost his life. The fatality was the more distressing as his widow gave birth to a daughter two days after his death, there being already two small children in the family. Nathan E. Sargent, also in the employ of Armour's, took Hoyt out for a ride in one of the Company's small runabouts Saturday evening. They were returning to the city late Saturday night, and had come as far as Caswell's curve on the West Main road without mishap. There they struck the car track and burst a tire, with the result that the auto turned turtle and buried Hoyt underneath, the car striking him on the head. Sargent escaped with slight injuries to his leg and at once sought assistance in caring for his companion. A telephone message was sent to Newport for an ambulance and after some delay, on account of the call coming from out of the city, the injured man was removed to the hospital. There it was found that he was suffering from a fractured skull, with no chance of recovery, and his death ensued Sunday afternoon. The accident held up the street car traffic at that point for some little time as the overturned car was lying across both the Providence and the Fall River tracks. After the injured man had been removed the car was drawn to the side of the road and the tracks were cleared. In spite of the late hour there were many people about to assist in repairing the damage. Hoyt, victim of the accident, was well known in the city where he had lived for a number of years. He was of a particularly genial and companionable disposition and made friends easily. He lived with his wife and two children on Third street, and his mother lived in Framingham, Mass. Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection. At the annual election the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: T. P. Master—Robert S. Burlingame. Deputy Master—Alexander J. MacIver. Sen. Warden—James H. Hampton. Jun. Warden—Charles W. Cowles. Orator—William B. Scott. Treasurer—William J. Easton. Secretary—Herbert Bliss. M. of C.—Earl Bostel. Hosp.—H. A. Curtis. G.—James Livesey. Tyler—John F. Titus. The election was presided over and the officers were installed by Past Thrice Potent Master, Elbert A. Sisson. Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, preached a special sermon to the members of the Odd Fellows on Sunday evening last, in commemoration of the ninety-sixth anniversary of the order. The members of Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges, Aquidneck Encampment, and Canton Newport, marched from Odd Fellows Hall to the church, the line being headed by the Newport Military Band. The members of the two Rebekah Lodges had seats reserved in the center of the church. Tuesday was one of the hottest April days on record. The temperature approached the ninety mark in the shade, and it would have been a very trying day even for August. Many people visited the beach in the effort to keep cool and the jitneys and trolley cars did a large business. In the evening, a light shower passed over the city, but the rainfall was not sufficient to more than moisten the surface of the ground. Much rain is urgently needed in order to give the spring vegetation a good start. Next Tuesday will be the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by the Rhode Island General Assembly, this State being the first to declare her independence of Great Britain. Mr. Ara Hildreth has sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to be able to be down on Thames street again and call upon his old friends.

Recent Deaths.

Arthur B. Gladding. Mr. Arthur B. Gladding, a well known resident of Newport and long prominent in first ward politics, died very suddenly while engaged in fishing a short distance off the shore Tuesday noon. Although about 66 years of age, Mr. Gladding was employed on the fishing sloop Vigilant, doing only the lighter work. He was in one of the small boats attached to the sloop, engaged in pulling a trap when he suddenly collapsed and died almost instantly. He was at once taken on board the sloop and brought back to Newport, the ambulance being summoned to take the remains to his home on Farewell street. Mr. Gladding was a life-long Newporter, and had devoted his life to fishing. A few years ago he was very prominent in politics in Newport, serving as a member of the old common council and also being a member of the city committee from that ward for a time. He was of a pleasant, companionable nature, and made many friends. He is survived by a widow, who was a daughter of the late Daniel Wetherell. Newport Artillery Election. The annual meeting of the Newport Artillery Company was held at the Armory on Tuesday evening, when the following officers were elected: Colonel—Arthur A. Sherman. Lieutenant Colonel—Robert C. Ebbes. Major—William Knowe. Captain—William E. Bruley. Surgeon, with Rank of Major—Rufus E. Darrah, M. D. Adjutant, with Rank of Captain—Arthur Power. Quartermaster, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Marshall C. Rogers. Paymaster, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Harry H. Hayden. Commissary, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Clarence H. Peabody. Assistant Surgeon, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Burt DeLois, M. D. Inspector of Rifle Practice, with Rank of First Lieutenant—William M. Thompson. Chaplain, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes. Assistant Paymaster, with Rank of Second Lieutenant—James S. Groff. First Sergeant—John H. Poltham. Second Sergeant—John J. Dawley. Third Sergeant—John Thompson. Fourth Sergeant—Carl Johnson. Fifth Sergeant—Frank J. Lutz. Historical Society Building. The improvements at the Newport Historical Society have been started, and the old meeting house has been moved back to Barney Street, which is particularly appropriate, as it was originally situated on the lower part of that street. It is proposed to place a brick veneer on the outside of the old building to make it a little safer from possible fires. There is nothing left of the original building on the outside, but the interior is well worth preserving, and the old doorways will be preserved, as part of the collection. Commodore Arthur Curtiss James inspired this movement, by offering half the amount necessary, and his generous offer is meeting with a response from many. It is hoped that every member and every Newport citizen, who is interested in the preservation of local history, will help in this matter. Representations of bricks will be sold, at \$1, \$2 and \$5 a brick, and it is sincerely hoped that the interest will be widespread. Miss Harriet E. Thomas, secretary of the Charity Organization Society, leaves to-night for New York. She will be away for some two weeks, and during that time will attend the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, which will be held in Baltimore. The Darling-Slade Construction Company has received the contract for roofing, sheet iron work, etc., in connection with the buildings in course of erection at the Torpedo Station, and P. J. Murphy & Co. the contract for plumbing for \$6319. The commission on Almy's pond improvement paid an official visit to the locality last Sunday and studied the situation thoroughly. The ground has been marked off by flags so as to give an idea of the improvements to be made. There was an interesting lecture at the rooms of the Miantonomi Club on Wednesday evening, the topic being "The Development of Submarines," by Lieutenant Lewis D. Causey of the Torpedo Station. Chief of Police Charles E. Hull of Jamestown recently tendered his resignation after a number of years of service, and it is now Chief John Daighs. Father Tierney is in charge of St. Mary's Church pending the appointment of a new pastor. Dr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Robinson have returned from a visit to Atlantic City.

MIDDLETOWN.

From our Regular Correspondent. At the recent meeting of Aquidneck Grange communications were read from Kingston College urging the immediate destruction of the nests of the tent caterpillars. Interest was also solicited in the work of raising more and better corn. The State Master, Joseph A. Peckham who is also president of the State Corn Growers Association, who was present stated that a prize of \$50, 00 had been offered for the best exhibit from a subordinate Grange. Worthy Master Peckham spoke enthusiastically of the Boys and Girls Clubs which were being formed throughout the state, and hoped that Middletown would have a part in the project. The lecturer's hour was devoted to a short literary and musical program followed by the playlet, "The Interrupted Proposal" by the young people of the Grange. A charming dish luncheon was served by five of the members. Rev. E. E. Wells, who has returned to the M. E. Church for his fifth year, was warmly welcomed on his return Sunday from conference, there being a large congregation present at the afternoon service. He expressed his pleasure at returning and his appreciation of the support given him. He stated that in spite of the heavy expense of the new house shed the past year, the benevolences had exceeded by one hundred dollars those of last year. The report of the treasurer of the Sunday School, Mrs. Isaac Peabody during the session of that body was also most favorable so that new church year opens encouragingly. Miss Sadie L. Peckham began her duties as the permanent organist. At the evening service Mr. Wells gave a most interesting report of the recent conference. A public reception will be tendered Mr. & Mrs. Wells at the church on Tuesday evening. The annual egg supper by the Egg-worth League was held at the M. E. Church on Tuesday evening, the ladies of the League being ably assisted by the Ladies Aid Society of this church. William L. Brown, as president of the League, was in general charge. Later a musical program was presented arranged by Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham. Mr. G. Herbert Patterson of Newport not only was on the program but sang several numbers during the social hour which were appreciatively received. Miss Ruth Duff of Fall River was an especial favorite with her mandolin. The farmers are beginning to feel somewhat disturbed over the lack of rain, the ground being very dry and powdery. Many chickens have been dry some time and others are threatening to give out at any moment. Mrs. Howard R. Peckham, president of the Paradise Club, entertained the members at the annual meeting, on Wednesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: president, Mrs. Howard R. Peckham; vice president, Mrs. Alfred Ward; secretary, Mrs. Edward J. Peckham; treasurer, Mrs. Hubbell. Reports were presented by the secretary and treasurer showing much philanthropic work accomplished. The Home Economics Club was also started under the auspices of this organization. It was voted to hold one meeting a month (the first) in the interest of philanthropy and the remainder to be devoted to literary programs. The following committees were appointed to arrange the program. Mrs. Hubbell, Mrs. Julian F. Peckham, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham; to plan and have the care of sewing, Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. John H. Peckham. It was voted to hold a summer sale upon the grounds of the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Clarence Peckham the proceeds to be devoted to charity. It was also voted to hold a closing social to complete the year at the home of Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham Wednesday afternoon next. Mrs. Ardella E. Farrum, her sister, of Worcester, Mass., will assist in entertaining. The annual meeting of Holy Cross Guild, on Wednesday, resulted in the reelection of Mrs. Clarence Thurston as president, and Miss Anna R. Chaso secretary-treasurer. A salad supper for the members and their families was held at 6 o'clock with an attendance of some 45. A social evening followed. A lobster salad supper will be given by St. Columba's Guild on Tuesday evening at the Berkeley Parish House. Two remarkable cases of long life are noted in the 85th birthday, on Saturday, of Mrs. Mary Adelia Pierce, mother of the Miantonomi Middletown correspondent, and the 85th birthday on Monday of Mrs. Pierce's life long friend, Mrs. Ardella Peckham, wife of Middletown's oldest citizen, Mr. Elisha Clarke Peckham. Both women are unusually active and are in fairly good health and able to go about considerably. Mrs. Pierce is the widow of a former prominent Boston physician and both she and her husband were much engaged in philanthropy during their long residence in the Hub.

BLACK IS WHITE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment. The two were leaning forward with alarm in their eyes, their hands gripping the table.

"Well, are we to send for an undertaker?" demanded Hodder irritably.

Brood started forward. "Is—is he dead?"

"Of course not, but he might as well be," exclaimed the other, and it was plain to be seen that he was very much out of patience. "You've called in another doctor and a priest and now I hear that a Presbyterian parson is in the library. Hang it all, Brood, why don't you send for the coroner and undertaker and have done with it? I'm blessed if I—"

Yvonne came swiftly to his side. "Is he conscious? Does he know?"

"For God's sake, Hodder, is there any hope?" cried Brood.

"I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't believe there is. It went in here, above the heart, and it's lodged back there by the spine somewhere. We haven't located it yet, but we will, had to let up on the ether for awhile, you see. He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, Mrs. Brood, and my assistant is certain that he whispered Lydia Desmond's name. Sounded that way to him, but, of course—"

"There! You see, James?" she cried, whirling upon her husband.

"I think you'd better step in and see him now, Jim," said the doctor, suddenly becoming very gentle. "He may come to again and—well, it may be the last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, it's as bad as all that."

"I'll go—at once," said Brood, his face ashen. "You must revive him for a few minutes, Hodder. There's something I've got to say to him. He must be able to hear and to understand me. It is the most important thing in the world."

He choked up suddenly.

"You have to be careful, Jim. He's ready to collapse. Then it's all off."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my husband has something to say to his instant. I think it will mean a great deal to him in his fight for recovery. It will make life worth living for him."

Hodder stared for a second or two. "He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I—I if it's got anything to do with his mother, say it, for God's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times—"

"It has to do with his mother," Brood cried out. "Come! I want you to hear it, too, Hodder."

"There isn't much time to lose, I'm afraid," began Hodder, shaking his head. His gaze suddenly rested on Mrs. Brood's face. She was very erect, and a smile such as he had never seen before was on her lips—a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a positive, undeniable feeling of encouragement!

"He is not going to die, Doctor Hodder," she said quietly. Something went through his body that warmed it curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who is seized by a great overpowering excitement.

She preceded them into the hall. Brood came last. He closed the door behind him after a swift glance at the room that had been his most private retreat for years.

He was never to set foot inside its walls again. In that single glance he had a farewell to it forever. It was a hated, unlovely spot. He had spent an age in it during those bitter morning hours, an age of imprisonment.

On the landing below they came upon Lydia. She was seated on a window ledge, leaning wearily against the casement. She did not rise as they approached, but watched them with steady, smoldering eyes in which there was no friendliness, no compassion. They were her enemies, they had killed the thing she loved.

Brood's eyes met hers for an instant and then fell before the bitter look they encountered. His shoulders drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It opened and closed an instant later and he was with his son.

For a long time, Lydia's somber, pitious gaze hung upon the door through which he had passed and which was closed so cruelly against her, the one who loved him best of all. At last she looked away, her attention caught by a queer clicking sound near at hand. She was surprised to find Yvonne Brood standing close beside her, her eyes closed and her fingers telling the beads that ran through her fingers, her lips moving in voiceless prayer.

The girl watched her duly for a few moments, then with growing fascination. The incomprehensible creature was praying! To Lydia this seemed to be the most unnatural thing in all the world. She could not associate prayer with this woman's character; she could not imagine her having been in all her life possessed of a fervent religious thought. It was impossible to think of her as being even hypocritically pious. Somehow the girl began to experience a strange feeling of irritation. She turned her face away, unwilling to be a witness to this shallow mockery. She was herself innately religious. In her secret soul she resented an appeal to heaven by this luxurious worldling; she could not bring herself to think of her as anything else.

Prayer seemed a profanation on her scarlet lips.

Lydia believed that Frederic had shot himself. She put Yvonne down as the real cause of the calamity that had fallen upon the house. But for her, James Brood would never have had a motive for striking the blow that crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy boy. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now she begged to be pardoned for her folly! An inexplicable desire to laugh at the plight of the trifter came over the girl, but even as she checked it another and more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion.

Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded each other without speaking.

"He is not going to die, Lydia," said Yvonne gravely.

The girl started to her feet. "Do you think it is your prayer and not mine that has reached God's ear?" she cried in real amazement.

"The prayer of a nobler woman than either you or I has gone to the throne," said the other.

Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentment. "You could have prevented all—"

"Be good enough to remember that you have said all that to me before, Lydia."

"What is your object in keeping me away from him at such a time as this, Mrs. Brood?" demanded Lydia. "You refuse to let me go in to him. Is it because you are afraid of what—"

"There are trying days ahead of us, Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall have to face them together. I can promise you this: Frederic will be saved for you. Tomorrow, next day, perhaps, I may be able to—"

everything to you. You hate me to-day. Everyone in this house hates me—even Frederic. There is a day coming when you will not hate me. That was my prayer, Lydia. I was not praying for Frederic, but for myself."

Lydia started. "For yourself? I might have known you—"

"You hesitate? Perhaps it is just as well."

"I want to say to you, Mrs. Brood, that it is my purpose to remain in this house as long as I can be—"

"You are welcome, Lydia. You will be the one great tonic that is to restore him to health of mind and body. Yes, I shall go further and say that you are commanded to stay here and help me in the long fight that is ahead of us."

"I—I thank you, Mrs. Brood," the girl was surprised into saying.

Both of them turned quickly as the door to Frederic's room opened and James Brood came out into the hall. His face was drawn with pain and anxiety, but the light of exaltation was in his eyes.

"Come, Lydia," he said softly, after he had closed the door behind him. "He knows me. He is conscious. Hodder can't understand it, but he seems to have suddenly grown stronger. He—"

"Stronger?" cried Yvonne, the ring of triumph in her voice. "I knew I could feel it coming—his strength—"

She did not rise as they approached.

even out here, James. Yes, go in now, Lydia. You will see a strange sight, my dear. James Brood will kneel beside his son and tell him—"

"Come!" said Brood, spreading out his hands in a gesture of admission. "You must hear it, too, Lydia. Not you, Therese! You are not to come in."

"I grant you ten minutes, James," she said, with the air of a dictator. "After that I shall take my stand beside him and you will not be needed." She struck her breast sharply with her clenched hand. "His eye and only hope lies here, James. I am his salvation. I am his strength. When you come out of that room again it will be to stay out until I give the word for you to reenter. Go now and put spirit into him. That is all that I ask of you."

He stared for a moment and then lowered his head. A moment later Lydia followed him into the room and

Yvonne was alone in the hall. Alone! Her face was ashen, and she came and stood before her, and bent his knee.

"I forgot," she said, looking down upon him without a vestige of the old dread in her eyes. "I have a friend, after all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June.

On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quiet, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade of the south wing and almost directly beneath the balcony of Yvonne's boudoir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the dog-like Hunjab, and who sat on a pile of cushions at his feet, her back resting against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and was but now emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long confinement, but there was a healthy glow to the skin and a clear light in the eye. For a week or more he had been permitted to walk about the house and into the garden, always leaning on the arm of his father or the faithful Hindu. Each succeeding day saw his strength and vitality increase and each night he slept with the peace of a care-free child. He was filled with contentment; he loved life as he had never dreamed it would be possible for him to love it. There was a song in his heart and there was a bright star always on the edge of his horizon.

As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over. She had gone through the campaign against death with loyal, unflinching courage; there had never been an instant when her staunch heart had faltered; there had been distress but never despair. If the strain told on her it did not matter, for she was of the fighting kind. Her love was the sustenance on which she threw despite the beggarly offerings that were laid before her during those weeks of famine. Her strong young body lost none of its vigor; her splendid spirit glowed in the tests to which it was subjected, and now she was as serene as the June day that found her wistfully contemplating the results of victory.

Times there were when a pensive mood brought the touch of sadness to her grateful heart. She was happy and yet—there was a pang—what of the one who actually had wrought the miracle? That one alone was unhappy, unrequited, undefended. There was no place for her in the new order of things. When Lydia thought of her—as she often did—it was with an indescribable craving in her soul. She longed for the hour to come when Yvonne Brood would lay aside the mask of resignation and demand tribute; when the strange defiance that held all of them at bay would disappear and they could feel that she no longer regarded them as adversaries.

There was no longer a symptom of rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. She realized that her sweetheart's recovery was due almost entirely to the remarkable influence exercised by this woman at a time when mortal agencies appeared to be of no avail. Her absolute certainty that she had the power to thwart death, at least in this instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who attended him. Doctor Hodder and the nurses were not slow to admit that her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them with an incentive that otherwise might never have got beyond the form of a mere hope. There was something positively startling in her serene conviction that Frederic was not to die. No less a skeptic than the renowned Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and her mother that he now believed in the supernatural and never again would say "there is no God." With the dampness of death on the young man's brow, a remarkable change had occurred even as he watched for the last fleeting breath. It was as if some secret, unconquerable force had suddenly intervened to take the whole matter out of nature's hands. It was not in the books that he should get well; it was against every rule of nature that he should have survived that first day's struggle. He was marked for death and there was no alternative. Then came the bewildering, mystifying change. Life did not take its expected flight; instead it clung, flickering but indestructible, to its clay and would not obey the laws of nature. For days and days life hung by what we are pleased to call a thread; the great shears of death could not sever the tiny thing that held Frederic's soul to earth. There was no hour in any of those days in which the bewildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that it would be his last, and yet he gave the lie to them.

Hodder had gone to James Brood at the end of the third day, and with the sweat of the haunted on his brow had whispered hoarsely that the case was out of his hands! He was no longer the doctor but an agent governed by a spirit that would not permit death to claim its own! And somehow Brood understood far better than the man of science.

The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her mother. Brood confessed everything to them. He assumed all of the blame for what had transpired on that tragic morning. He humbled himself before them, and when they shook their heads and turned their backs upon him he was not surprised, for he knew they were not convicting him of assault with a deadly firearm. Later on the story of Therese was told by him to Frederic and the girl. He did his wife no injustice in the recital. Frederic laid his hand upon the soft brown head at his knee and voiced the thought that was in his mind.

"You are wondering, as I am, too, what is to become of Yvonne after to-day," he said. "There must be an end, and if it doesn't come now, when will it come? Tomorrow we shall. It is certain that she is not to accom-

pany us. She has said so several times. Her father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the end of things."

"Frederic, I want you to do something for me," said Lydia, earnestly. "There was a time when I could not have asked this of you, but now I implore you to speak to your father in my behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear. I cannot help it. She asks nothing of any of us, she expects nothing, and yet she loves all of us—yes, all of us. She will never, by word or look, make a single plea for herself. I have watched her closely all these weeks. There was never an instant when she revealed the slightest sign of an appeal. She takes it for granted that she has no place in our lives. In our memory, yes, but that is all. I think she is reconciled to what she considers her fate and it has not entered her mind to protest against it. Perhaps it is natural that she should feel that way about it. But it is—oh, Freddy, it is terrible! If he would—would only bend a little toward her. If he—"

"Listen, Lydia, dear. I don't believe it's altogether up to him. There is a barrier that we can't see, but they do—both of them. My mother stands between them. You see, I've come to know my father lately, dear. He's not a stranger to me any longer. I know what sort of a heart he's got. He never got over loving my mother, and he'll never get over knowing that Yvonne knows that she loved him to the day she died. We know what it was in Yvonne that attracted him from the first, and she knows. He's not likely to forgive himself so easily. He didn't play fair with either of them, that's what I'm trying to get at. I don't believe he can forgive himself any more than he can forgive Yvonne for the thing she set about to do. You see, Lydia, she married him without love. She despised herself, even though she can't admit it even now. I love her, too. She's the most wonderful woman in the world. She's got the finest instincts a woman ever possessed. But she did give herself to the man she hated with all her soul, and—well, there you are. He can't forget that, you know—and she can't. Leaving me out of the question altogether—and you, too—there still remains the sorry fact that she has betrayed her sister's love. She loves him for herself now, and—that's what hurts both of them. It hurts because they both know that he still loves my mother."

"I'm not so sure of that," pronounced Lydia. "He loves her mother's memory, he loves her for the wrong he did her, but—well, I don't see how he can help loving Yvonne, in spite of everything. She—"

"Ah, but you have it from her that he loved my mother even when she was in his arms, because, in a way, she represented the love that had never died. Now all that is a thing of the past. She is herself, she is not Matilde. He loved Matilde all the time."

"And I'm not so sure of that," said she, eagerly. "It isn't the way with men. It may not have been love that he felt for the physical Yvonne, but it wasn't Matilde that he held in his arms. You can't get around that, nor can he. Matilde's soul and Yvonne's body are quite two different—"

"Gad, you are analyzing things!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"But all this is neither here nor there," she said, flushing. "The point is this: we are going away tomorrow, for heaven knows how long—you and I, my mother and your father. We are going to Vienna and in St. Stephen's cathedral—where your father and mother were married with poor little Therese as one of the witnesses—in St. Stephen's we are to be married. She will not be there. She is not asked to come with us. She is barred out. Isn't it the refinement of—cruelty?"

"Cruelty, Lydia? I'd hardly call it that. It's the order of destiny, or something of the sort. She gambled with fate and lost out. She's a good loser. She hasn't squealed once."

"Squealed? I hate that word!" "I hate squealer worse," said he. "But seriously, it knocks me all out whenever I think of her. I've hesitated about speaking to father, dear. You see, I'm in rather a delicate position. Six weeks ago I was madly infatuated with Yvonne. I don't deny it—and he knows all about it. Gad, I'd give ten years of my life if she were going along with us tomorrow. I'd give more than that to see this whole unhappy business patched up so that they could start off anew. But I'm afraid he wouldn't take it well from me if I asked him to include her in the—er—party. It's his affair, not mine, you see. He'd be justified in considering me selfish in the matter. It might seem as though I didn't care a hang for his personal feelings and—"

"She's his wife, however," said Lydia, with a stubborn pouting of the lips. "She didn't wrong him and, after all, she's only guilty of—well, she isn't guilty of anything except being a sister of the girl he wronged."

"I'll have a talk with him if you think best," said he, an eager gleam in his eyes.

"And I with Yvonne," she said quickly. "You see, it's possible she is the one to be persuaded."

"He'll never ask her," said Frederic, after a long period of reflection.

"What is to become of her?" asked Lydia, rather bleakly.

"I suppose she'll go away. It will be the end."

"I—I don't think I could bear it, Freddy," she said, a trace of tears in her voice.

He swallowed hard. Then he cleared his throat briskly. "Of course you're observed that they never see one another alone. They never meet except when someone else is about. He rather resents the high-handed way in which she ordered him to stay away from me until I was safely out of danger. He has spoken of it to me, but, for the life of me I can't tell whether he holds it up against her or not. He says she saved my life. He says she performed a miracle. But he has never uttered a word of thanks or gratitude or appreciation to her. I'm sure of that, for she has told me so. And she is satisfied to go without his thanks."

She rather liked him the better for the way he treated the situation. There's no hypocrisy about him. There's no use shamming, Lydia."

"I see what you mean," she said, with a sigh. "I suppose we just can't understand things."

"You've no idea how beautiful you are today," Lydia, he said suddenly, and she looked up into his glowing eyes with a smile of ineffable happiness.

"I'm Not so Sure of That," pronounced Lydia.

ness. Her hand found his and her warm, red lips were pressed to his palm in a hot, unpassioned kiss. "It's great to be alive! Great!"

"Oh, it is," she cried, "it is!"

They might better have said that it is great to be young, for that is what it all came to in the analysis.

Later on Brood joined them in the courtyard. He stood, with his hand on his son's shoulder, chatting carelessly about the coming voyage, all the while smiling upon the radiant girl to whom he was promising paradise. She adored this gentle, kindly gleam in those one-time steady, steel-like eyes. His voice, too, of late was pitched in a softer key and there was the ring of happiness in its every note. It was as if he had discovered something in life that was constantly surprising and pleasing him. He seemed always to be venturing into fresh fields of exploration and finding there something that was of incalculable value to his new estate. Every day he was growing richer, happier—and yet poorer when it came to self-appreciation. All his life he had hoarded the motives and designs that applied to self. He had laid by a great store of hard things for his old age; they were being wrested from him by this new force that had taken possession of him and he saw how little he had invested his powers. He appraised himself very lowly and with an over-lucrescent shame. Rich, however, was he in humility, conscience, remorse; on these three treasures he laid the foundation for his new fortune.

He spoke of the morrow without the faintest indication in his manner that it was to bring a crisis in his own affairs. His brow was clear, his eyes sparkling, his serenely undisturbed. If there was a thought in his mind of Yvonne he did not betray it by a single outward manifestation. His interest was centered in the two young people and their immediate future. It would have been easy to believe, as he stood there chatting gayly, that there was no one else in all the world so far as he was concerned. Quite casually he expressed regret that poor old Daves and Riggs were to be left behind, but of Yvonne not so much as a word.

Lydia was something of a diplomatist. She left father and son after a few minutes, excusing herself on the ground that she wished to have a good, long chat with Yvonne. She did not delay her departure, but hurried into the house, having rather adroitly provided Frederic with an opening for an intercession in behalf of his lovely stepmother. Her meaning glance was not wasted on the young man.

He lost no time in following up the advantage. "See here, father, I don't like the idea of leaving Yvonne out in the cold, so to speak. It's—It's pretty darned tough, don't you think? Down in your heart you don't blame her for what she started out to do, and after all she's only human. Whatever happened in the past we—well, it's all in the past. She—"

Brood stopped him with an imperative gesture. "My son, I will try to explain something to you. You may be able to understand things better than I. I fell in love with her once because an influence that was her own overpowered me. There was something of your mother in her. She admits that to be true and I now believe it. Well, that something—whatever it was—is gone. It can never return. She is not the same. Yvonne is Therese. She is not the woman I loved two months ago. She—"

"Nor am I the boy you hated two months ago," argued Frederic. "Isn't there a parallel to be seen there, father? I am your son. She is your wife. You—"

"There never was a time when I really hated you, my son. I tried to—but that is all over. We will not rake up the ashes. As for my wife—well, I have tried to hate her. It is impossible for me to do so. She is a wonderful woman. But you must understand on the other hand that I do not love her. I did when she looked at me with your mother's eyes and spoke to me with your mother's lips. But—she is not the same."

"Give yourself a chance, dad."

"A chance? What do you mean?"

"Just this: You will come to love her for herself if only you will let go of yourself. You are trying to be hard. You—"

Again Brood interrupted. His face

had gone very pale and his eyes grew dark with pain.

"You don't know what you are saying, Frederic. Let us discontinue the subject."

"I want you to be happy—I want—"

"I shall be happy. I am happy. I have I not found out the truth? Are you not my beloved son? Are—"

"And who convinced you of all that, sir? Who is responsible for your present happiness—and mine?"

"I know, I know," exclaimed the father in some agitation.

"You'll regret it all your life if you fall her now, dad. Why, hang it all, you're not an old man. You are less than fifty. Your heart hasn't dried up yet. Your blood is still hot. And she is glorious. Give yourself a chance. You know that she's one woman in a million, and—she's yours! She has made you happy—she can make you still happier."

"No, I am not old. I am far younger than I was fifteen years ago. That's what I am afraid of—this youth I really never possessed till now. If I gave way to it now I'd—well, I would be like putty in her hands. She could go on laughing at me, trifling with me, fooling me to—"

"She wouldn't do that!" exclaimed his son hotly.

"I don't blame you for defending her. It's right that you should. I, too, defend her in a way. You are forgetting the one important condition, however. She has a point of view of her own, my son. She can never reconcile herself to the position you would put her in if I permitted you to persuade me that—"

"I can tell you one thing, father, that you ought to know—if you are so blind that you haven't discovered it for yourself. She loves you."

"My son, you are dealing with a graver mystery than you can possibly suspect—the secret heart of a woman."

"Well, I'm sure of it, father—I am absolutely sure of it."

Brood shook his head and smiled sadly. "You are very young, my boy."

"What's to become of her? You are leaving her without a thought for her future. You—"

"I fancy she is quite capable of arranging her future. As a matter of fact, she has arranged it pretty definitely before this thing happened. Leave it to her, Frederic. It is impossible for me to take her away with us. It is not to be considered. I can't make a travesty of—"

"At any rate," pleaded Frederic, "you can assure her that the world isn't a black place in which she's got to spend—oh, you know what I'm trying to get at!"

Once more the quiet smile flitted across his father's face. "She is not the kind to find the world a black place, my boy. She will not allow it to be black."

"That's why I say she can make you a good deal brighter for you if you'll only give yourself a chance."

"You speak of giving yourself a chance. Why do you put it in that way?"

"Because it's the truth," proclaimed his son. "You've missed a good many things, father, because you never gave yourself a real, honest chance. I—"

"We'd better drop the subject, Frederic," said Brood, an abrupt change in his manner. "There is nothing more to be said. Matters have shaped themselves. We will not attempt to alter them. I cannot reconstruct myself in a day, my boy. And now, let us talk of Lydia. She—"

"All right, but bear this in mind: Lydia loves Yvonne, and she's heart-broken. Now we'll talk about her, if you like."

Lydia had as little success in her rather more tactful interview with Yvonne. The incomprehensible creature, comfortably ensconced in the great library couch, idly blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling and as idly disposed of her future in so far as it applied to the immediate situation.

"Thank you, dear. I am satisfied. Everything has turned out as it should. The wicked enchantress has been felled and virtue triumphs. Don't be unhappy on my account, Lydia. It will not be easy to say good-by to you and Frederic, but—in, la! What are we to do? Now, please don't speak of it again. Hearts are easily mended. Look at my husband—at—! He has had his heart made over from top to bottom—in a rough crucible, it's true, but it's as good as new, you'll admit. In a way, I am made over, too. I am happier than I've ever been in my life. I'm in love with my husband, I'm in love with you and Frederic and I am more than ever in love with myself. So there! Don't feel sorry for me. I shall end my virtuous days in peace, but I shall never sit-by-the-fire, my dear. Tomorrow you will go away, all of you. I shall have the supreme joy of knowing that not one of you will ever forget me or my deeds, good and bad. Who knows? I am still young, you know. Time has the chance to be very kind to me before I die."

That last observation flung in Lydia's mind. Hours afterward she thought that she had solved its meaning and her heart was sore.

But despite her careless treatment of the situation, Yvonne awaited with secret dread the coming of that hour when James Brood would say good-by,

to her, and, instead of turning her away from his house, would go out of it himself without a single command to her. He would not tell her that it was no longer her home nor would he tell her that it was.

(To Be Continued.)

Remarks by One's Neighbors.

After nearly every marriage the neighbor women offer gratuitous insult to the groom by saying, "And her mother had such high ambitions for her daughter!" Exchange.

Postscripting the Evil Day.

Gladys—Why don't you let Tom propose if you love him? Muriel—Because when we are engaged I shall have to make him a comrade.—Puck.



She Did Not Rise as They Approached.

The Mercury.

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Saturday, May 1, 1915.

Hitney buses in St. Louis will raise the fare to 10 cents. Having found that they cannot profitably carry passengers four miles for five cents.

State Treasurer Rend reports the finances of the State in good condition. He expects to come through the year with a balance of \$111,552, which is encouraging if correct.

Italy has an eye for the "main chance." She intends to know where she is coming out before she goes into the great war, and she also intends to know what there is in it for her.

The Panama canal has been operated at a net loss of about 10 per cent, or \$261,085, for the first eight months. Indications are, however, that in a few months this loss will be reduced to less than 5 per cent, and it is hoped that it will disappear before the end of the calendar year.

The newspapers of Providence are very unhappy because that city is not allowed to have the State of Rhode Island. It is very obvious to their dignity to think that the city must go to the General Assembly for permission to do anything. Providence may be the biggest place in the State, but it is not the whole of Rhode Island by a long distance.

For once a Democrat is willing to admit that wages are higher in this country than they are in Europe. Secretary Daniels, giving the reason why our navy costs more than the German navy is the fact that labor is so much higher here than it is in Germany. His party's free trade actions are doing all possible to bring labor in this country to the starvation rates abroad.

Former governor Douglas of Massachusetts, the great Brockton shoe-man, predicts a tremendous and unprecedented development in all lines of business throughout the United States. He says that this country is shortly to enjoy the greatest period of prosperity in its history and that it will become the financial center of the world, following the close of the great European war. Let it come.

The papers are doing a good deal of shouting about the good times in prospect and the enormous war orders that are being placed with every concern in the country. This all sounds very nice but when it is sifted down it will be found that the "War Orders" lack about ninety five per cent. of the amount attributed and the travelling man, who are the best judges of the conditions of things report that outside of a few war orders, general business is just as bad as ever.

Senator Lippitt who has just taken to himself a new wife, says he will also "accept" a re-election to the United States senate. Of course he will. Everybody knew that before he told them. There are only two instances on record where a senator voluntarily gave up such a office, and both of these instances are in Rhode Island, Senators Jonathan Chase and Nelson W. Aldrich both retired when they could have both been re-elected and remained the rest of their lives in the U. S. Senate.

Senator Lippitt is not of the resigning kind.

Jacob H. Schiff says: "Business is fine. The confidence of the American people is being restored, and I look for the return of days of prosperity like which has seldom been seen in America, especially by this generation." That depends entirely on what position this Wilson Administration takes in regard to business. There was no call for the hard times we have been struggling through. Had the Republican policy of protection to home industries been continued there would have been no dull times.

The General Assembly which adjourned last week Friday is to be commended for many things that it left undone, such as the refusal to approve the revised constitution reported by the Committee on revision; also for its refusal to take steps to do away with the property clause in the constitution. The constitution of Rhode Island is well enough as it is. No State has a better one. The papers of Providence are fond of alluding to it as an "antiquated scrap of paper." But when you compare it with the constitution of the United States adopted in 1787, it appears to be very modern. The constitution of Rhode Island has been amended from time to time as the changed condition of affairs seemed to make changes necessary, so that today it in all respects essentially a modern up-to-date document. It is moreover a safe constitution to live under. It is always safe to let well enough alone. The General Assembly made only one important blunder. The failure to provide funds for the repair and maintenance of the roads of the State was a bad blunder as well as a costly one. It will take more money next year to put these state roads in repair than it would have taken this year, besides the damage to the State in another year of roads so badly out of repair.

Administration Blunders.

The Wilson tariff bill, first in the articles of Democratic faith, and the one achievement on which naturally they would be expected to expend their most exhaustive study and care, was as clumsily executed that it failed to accomplish the results intended. The failure was due to crude, hasty, unscientific, secret legislative methods. Designed to furnish sufficient revenue to finance the United States treasury, it has proven absolutely inadequate for that purpose.

In writing the tariff bill they dimly foresaw a possible reduction in customs receipts, although they did not know how much and did not ascertain facts. So the income tax provision was incorporated, in the hope that it would make up for any miscalculations in the tariff bill.

But what happened when these provisions went into effect? Customs receipts were millions of dollars below the amount needed from that source, and at the same time collection from the income tax fell many millions below the amount needed from that source. The inevitable result was to leave the treasury without sufficient money for its needs.

The failure was caused by carelessness. Had there been conscientious, open consideration of the revenue bill, sufficient to enable members of Congress to study and understand it, the reduction in revenue could have been properly safeguarded. But instead of getting accurate information and adequate estimates, they guessed at it. And they guessed wrong.

The results of this first mistake should have been a warning. But the startling fact remains that they committed the same kind of an error again. Forced by their heedlessness to provide more revenue, they passed a "war tax" in time of peace. Based on a guess instead of an estimate, the war tax did not produce money enough. For months the receipts of the treasury have been daily falling short of expenditures at a rate reaching at times more than a million dollars a day. According to official estimates the deficit will probably amount to one hundred million dollars by July 1, the end of the fiscal year.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. The fatal weakness that has characterized the work of this administration from its inception two years ago has been its eagerness to propose laws, carelessness in drafting them, haste in committee action, and stubborn refusal to permit intelligent amendment in either House or Senate after the party brand had been adixed by the all powerful caucus.

Every American citizen has had to help pay for these costly experiments. There will be still more to pay until the errors have been corrected by thoughtful, intelligent legislation.

Death of a Prominent Mason.

Col. Cyrus M. Van Slyke of Providence died very suddenly on Tuesday, from the effects of a paralytic shock. He was stricken while driving his automobile. He was alone at the time. The car veered to one side, crashed into a tree and the Colonel was thrown out. He was taken and carried to a doctor's office. Later he was carried home, where he died without gaining consciousness. Col. Van Slyke was the son of Nicholas Van Slyke, for many years city solicitor of Providence, and one of the ablest lawyers that this State has produced. Col. Van Slyke was prominent in Masonic circles, having been Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island. He was probably one of the best known men in the State, and a man much beloved and respected.

Is the End in Sight?

The reports now are that the Administration at Washington, has information from responsible business sources which warrants belief that the war will end within three months. This information, it is said, comes, first, from certain American contractors of the allied nations who have been supplying arms and ammunition. These contractors state that their contracts are not being renewed and from this fact they deduce a speedy conclusion of the war. This information comes, second, from one of the biggest American corporations doing an international business, whose officials also confidently expect an end to hostilities within 90 days.

Result of Carelessness.

In the past year 442 persons have been killed and 334 injured while trespassing on the tracks of the New Haven road. Many of those injured were maimed for life. In the majority of cases these persons were not tramps, but persons using the right-of-way as a highway, generally to make a short cut, or boys or young men stealing rides on freight trains.

From 1901 to 1910 those killed in this manner in the United States numbered 30,025; the injured, 53,427. Fatalities in single year, 1913-1914—were more than those of the battle of Bull Run. And these were persons killed who had no business to be in danger.

Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard has purchased the Samuel E. Huntington property adjoining his estate on Ridge road. It is probable that the house will be torn down or removed, and the grounds thrown together. It will make a magnificent estate with one of the finest views in Newport.

One Hundred Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of April 29, 1915.)

EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS.

The first squadron, consisting of the frigates Guerriere, Com. Decatur, Capt. Lewis—Macedonian, Capt. Jones—Constellation, Capt. Gordon sloops of war Ontario, Elliott—Chippewa, Head—Esperanza, and the light vessels Firefly, Flambreau, Spifire, Spark, and Torch, destined to the Mediterranean, will be commanded by Commodore Decatur, and will sail from New York in a few days. The second, to consist of the Independence, 74 guns, two or three frigates, the sloop of war Erie, and several smaller vessels, will soon follow, by Commodore William Rainbridge.

They will rendezvous at Port Mahon in the island of Minorca. On the junction of the two squadrons, Commodore Rainbridge will assume the command. A detachment of Artillery and a considerable portion of the Marine Corps will accompany the expedition. These extensive equipments and judicious appointments augur well to the interest as well as the fame of our country. We hope that the naval splendor of our countrymen is destined to fill a large and dazzling space in the annals of American history. The impetus is now given—minds emulous of glory are rushing into the naval service, and we may anticipate the day as not far distant when the American thunder will be felt and heard before the walls of Algiers. We felicitate ourselves in the hope that it is reserved for this country to discipline those ferocious barbarians to justice, and to relieve the civilized world from disgraceful servitude and tribute.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of April 26, 1865.)

THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH.

After twelve days of anxiety it was gratifying to receive the news of the capture of the assassin Booth. From the several accounts received, it appears that Booth, in springing from the President's box at the Theatre, caught his spur in the drapery and fell in such a manner on the stage as to fracture his leg. He succeeded in mounting his horse and was joined by Harold, and both proceeded through Lexington, Maryland, to Swan Point, where Booth had his leg set by a Dr. Mudd, who has been arrested. They hired a boat at this point for \$300 to take them across the Potomac into Virginia, and succeeded in getting as far as Port Royal, twenty-five miles below Fredericksburg. Lieutenant Daingerly, with a squad of 25 men from the 16th New York Cavalry, had learned from a negro that Booth and Harold were in the vicinity, and although the country was infested with guerrillas, they succeeded in following in their track until Wednesday morning, when they were discovered in a barn belonging to a Mr. Garrett. They were ordered to surrender and Harold consented, but afterwards refused, as Booth called him a coward and threatened to shoot him. The guerrillas were beginning to give signals for their assembling, and it was certain that long delays would cause their plans to be frustrated, so the barn was set on fire and Harold escaped himself up. While he was being handcuffed Booth fired into the squad from an upper window, which was immediately returned by Sergeant Boston Corbett, the bullet striking Booth in the neck.

This was about 4 o'clock in the morning and he lived until 7 o'clock, when he died in great agony. He confessed all as his head lay on Lieutenant Baker's lap, and as his end approached he endeavored to lift his partially paralyzed hands before his face, saying, "Blood! Blood! There is blood upon them!" On him was found a journal of all that has transpired, of those who aided him, and those who refused, when he marked as objects of future vengeance. His body was brought to Washington, and with Harold placed on board a gunboat at the Navy Yard.

The Government has succeeded in capturing nearly all the parties concerned in this plot, the principal ones being Booth, Harold and Atzerath, as connected with the President's assassination, and Paine as the attempted assassin of Secretary Seward. Others who were indirectly concerned have also been arrested, among whom is Janius Brutus Booth, the brother of J. Wilkes.

The yellow has been cheated of its rights, but it is a satisfaction to know that he was shot down like a dog, without having an opportunity to plead his love for his rebel friends.

We learn that arrangements have been made between the corporation of the Island cemetery and the family of the late Commodore Matthew C. Perry, by which the circular plot of ground in the north part of the cemetery is to be placed at their disposal. It is contemplated to place upon this spot a magnificent monument in commemoration of the departed hero, Commodore M. C. Perry was born in this city and lived here until he entered the Navy, and for many years after belonged to the Newport Marine Society. At the time of his death it was the desire of our citizens that his remains should be interred here at the side of those of his brother Oliver Hazard Perry, but for some reason they were entombed in Greenwood. Now they are to be brought here, and a magnificent monument will mark the spot where rest the remains of this lamented and gallant officer.

The Newport Artillery Company held their one hundred and twenty-fifth annual election on Tuesday evening, and elected the following officers for the year ensuing:

Colonel—John Hare Powell.
Lieutenant Colonel—Augustus P. Sherman.
Major—William H. Fludder.
Captain—Thomas S. Burdick.
Quartermaster—Ivory W. R. Marsh.
Adjutant—Charles C. Clark.
Paymaster—John Eldred.
Commissary—Frederic W. Rhineland.

Surgeon—Henry E. Turner.
Assistant Surgeon—John R. Caswell.
Chaplain—Henry E. Robbins.
Sergeants—First—William M. Clarke; Second—Henry C. Tew; 3rd, William S. Slocum; 4th, Thomas S. Nason; 5th, Perry B. Pawley.

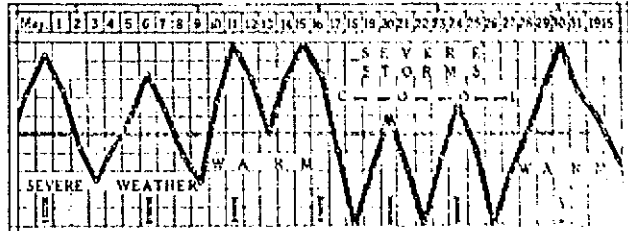
Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of May 1, 1890.)

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT.

The committee on the Soldiers and Sailors Monument met Thursday evening and as far as possible laid out the arrangements for the dedication of the beautiful monument on Congdon park. It was voted that the exercises should

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Average temperature of May will be close to normal but much warmer before middle of month than from 15 to 25. Hot wave will come in about 23. Severe weather is expected from April 29 to May 9 and severe storms May 19 to 25. Drought will be most severe in middle northwest May 9 to 15. Most severe storms are expected not far from May 6 and 24. Most rain in southern states, dry in Russia and drought in Central Africa. Excessive rains in Australia, the Philippines and southern China. The rain month that is expected to produce the rains as mentioned above covers April 29 to May 25.

Treble line represents seasonal normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line trending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. This indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

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Washington, D. C. April 29, 1915.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 4 to 5, warm wave 5 to 7, cool wave 6 to 10. Moderate temperatures will prevail during that period. Severe weather and some of the most severe storms of May are expected with that storm wave. Most rain is expected in southern and eastern sections and drought in middle northwest.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 8, cross Pacific, slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 15.

This disturbance will bring a hot wave with drought in the middle northwest, in South Dakota and the states adjoining it. The country about the great lakes, particularly on the east side of them, will have good cropweather, sufficient rain; also all sections east of the Allegheny mountains and south of the Potomac, the Ohio and the Missouri rivers. Parts of the southern states will get too much rain but most of that section will get good cropweather.

The storms of the period covered by this disturbance will be more severe than usual west of meridian 90 but rather moderate east of that line.

We call attention to the fact that a rather serious drought has been expected in the middle northwest, April 20 to June 20 and it shows up the best oats section in the world will be

take place on Friday, May 23rd, at which time it is hoped to have General Alger, Commander-in-Chief of the National G. A. R., present. Invitations have been sent to every G. A. R. post in the State to be present, and also to the Governor and staff, both branches of the General Assembly, the Newport Artillery Company, the Light Infantry, the troops at Fort Adams, and the Training Fleet. It is hoped to have one of the largest and finest parades on that occasion that Newport has seen in many a day.

Comrade O. G. Langley, as Commander of Charles E. Lawton Post, will be Marshal of the day, with Post Department Commander A. K. McMahon as his Chief of Staff. The exercises will consist of the Grand Army ritual, and an address by Rev. Augustus Woodbury of Providence, chaplain of the First and Second Rhode Island regiments. After the exercises a collation will be served. The committee on collation consists of Messrs. Pritchard, Barker and Young.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Sunday night fire was discovered in a small barn on a court off Oak street, owned by the heirs of the late John T. Bush and occupied by James O'Hearne. The fire quickly spread to John M. Holt's barn on Oak street, occupied by T. E. Sherman and H. L. DeBlois, and a second alarm was rung in. It was an ugly place for a fire, it being a nest of barns and small wooden houses, but the firemen worked well and succeeded in saving from total destruction all but the Holt barn, although at one time four or five buildings were in flames. Mr. O'Hearne lost one horse and Mr. McLaughlin a couple of dogs. Messrs. Sherman and DeBlois were fortunate enough to get their horses out. Most of the losses were covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barker in Middletown was the scene of a very happy gathering Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Lucinda H., was married to Mr. William E. Crowell of Providence. Rev. Warren Randolph, D. D., pastor of the Central Baptist Church in this city, performed the ceremony, and Miss Barker of Providence acted as maid of honor. A pleasant reception followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Crowell came to this city and took the Sound steamer for New York. The presents were many and beautiful.

Mr. Frank Lincoln Peckham, son of Mr. Job A. Peckham, and Miss Laura Belle, daughter of Mr. William S. Cranston, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents Tuesday evening, Rev. E. P. Tuller, pastor of the First Baptist Church officiating. It was a very pretty home wedding, only relatives and immediate friends being present. There was a large number of presents. After the ceremony the happy couple left for New York on a brief wedding tour.

MARRIED.

A dozen trees were planted on Broad way yesterday afternoon under the direction of Chairman Citizens, Superintendent Fay, and Rev. M. Van Horne, the sub-committee of the School Board on Arbor Day.

The wedding dress of Miss Theresa Fair, who is to marry Mr. Herman Oelrichs at San Francisco on June 5, was imported at a cost of \$10,000.

Mr. Harry S. Manuel of Staten Island has accepted a responsible position in the National Exchange Bank of this city, where he was formerly employed.

EMPRESS OF IRELAND
DISASTER RECALLED

Collar Stordstad Blame For
Loss of a Thousand Lives

The Admiralty court at Montreal held the collar Stordstad responsible for the collision with the liner Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence river May 20, 1914, an accident which cost approximately 1000 lives in the sinking of the liner with nearly all aboard. No blame is attached to captain or crew of the liner by the court.

The decision was given in a suit brought by the Canadian Pacific railway against the owners of the Stordstad for 12,000,000 damages for the loss of the liner. The amount of damages, the court held, is to be assessed later.

Applauding the decision, the press in Montreal on the shoulders of Alfred Dubouché, first officer of the Stordstad, Judge Dunlop found that he had caused the collision by altering the course of his vessel after it was shot out from view of the Empress of Ireland by the fog.

COWL KILLED HIMSELF

Probably Possessed With Morbid Craving to Fight His Placed

Emily D. Wheeler, fiancée of Arthur H. Cowl, who committed suicide at her home at Bridgewater, Conn., did not fire the shot which killed him when she pulled, at his bidding, the trigger which he had attached to the trigger of his revolver.

Following his invention, Cowl had planned not only executed the plan from all angles, but insisted that it would have been impossible for her to pull the trigger enough to discharge the weapon. He told Cowl that he had had his finger on the trigger when the shot went off.

One shell only was found in the revolver, and it was the bullet from this which entered Cowl's brain. This fact has given rise to the theory that Cowl had not intended to shoot himself, but was possessed with a morbid craving to fight his fiancée. His mental condition for the past six months substantiates this theory.

GRATE BRIDGES SET AFIRE

Police Think It Part of Plot to Destroy City of Vancouver

German sympathizers are alleged to have fired the Granville and Comanville bridges at Vancouver, B. C., main arteries of railroad traffic northward.

Police officials believe the attempt at destruction of the bridges was a part of a plot to burn the entire city. The bridges connect the business and residence portions of Vancouver.

Damage to the Comanville bridge is estimated at \$300,000. The wind was unfavorable for the destruction of the Granville structure and it was saved. Together the bridges cost more than \$1,000,000.

The incendiaries follow closely the Canadian government's determination to intern in detention camps all citizens of countries at war with the allies.

CUTS ROBBER'S THROAT

Wealthy Old Man Was Attacked In Hotel Room by Stranger

Lured to a Danbury, Conn., hotel by two strangers, Joseph B. Hill, 78 years old and one of the wealthiest residents of Redding, Conn., killed an intruder in his room.

Hill was suspicious of the place and went to bed with an open knife under his pillow. He secured this when a burglar entered his room and during the battle that followed cut his antagonist's throat. The dead man was one of the two who had taken him to the hotel.

Hill had collected a large sum of money. He hid his money when he retired, but was fearful of a trap and lay awake until one of the men entered the room. The fatal fight then started. The other man escaped.

Seven horses were burned to death and the barn of Frank M. Riley, a contractor, at Poston, was destroyed by a fire of mysterious origin.

The new torpedo boat destroyer Wadsworth was launched at the Bath, Mo., Iron Works.

Arthur Hoeber, 61, artist and critic, died suddenly at Nutley, N. J., of heart failure.

Two hundred German laborers who struck at Hamburg for higher wages won their demands three hours after they walked out.

Charles P. Lightman, city treasurer of Fall River, Mass., since 1903, died from an apoplectic stroke.

The superdreadnaught Arizona, which will be launched on June 1, will be christened with water instead of wine.

James Maher, 55, national supreme director of the Knights of Columbus, died at his home at Chicago.

Harry Hockins, 35, of New Hampshire, N. H., committed suicide by shooting.

Mrs. Anne Linahan, 52, a widow, was burned to death by the overturning of a lamp in her room at Boston. Two-year-old Anna Melson was burned to death at Peabody, Mass., when a lamp fell on the floor and set fire to her clothes.

Joseph H. Smith, 27, a Lowell, Mass., man, died, and was drowned in the Merrimack river when a boat he was in overturned.

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Deaths.

In this city, 24th ult., Rev. William B. Mead.
In this city, 24th ult., Catherine A., widow of Benjamin H. Lawton.
In this city, 24th ult., Alma P. Nordstrom.
In this city, 24th ult., Curtis A. Hoyt, in his 23d year.
In this city, 24th ult., Arthur B. Gladding, in his 66th year.
In this city, 24th ult., Catherine Conroy.
In this city, 24th ult., Mary Agnes, wife of Anthony Frail.
At the Newport Hospital, 25th ult., Elizabeth Mary Tenney.
In Providence, 25th ult., Abbie R. (Barker), widow of Edward W. Hicks, in her 73d year.
In Providence, 25th ult., Joseph F. Klug, in his 60th year.
At Hingham, R. I., 25th ult., Louise G., daughter of the late Charles P. and Elizabeth B. Barker, in her 8th year.
In Providence, 26th ult., Leon Elwood, son of Leon B. and Jean's Thomas Smith, formerly of this city.
In Providence, 26th ult., Cyrus Manchester Vao Hayes.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons desiring other places, away from Newport and surrounding areas for their retirement or for business, or for other reasons, should call on or write to Mr. A. O. D. Taylor, at his residence, 100 Broad street, or at his office, 100 Broad street, or at his office, 100 Broad street.

A. O. D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

100 Broad street, Newport, R. I.
100 Broad street, Newport, R. I.
100 Broad street, Newport, R. I.
100 Broad street, Newport, R. I.
100 Broad street, Newport, R. I.

POWDER AND BALL

The Deadly Successors to Man's First Crude Weapons.

FROM JAVELIN TO CORDITE.

Cannons and Guns Are Merely the Nature of Chemical Catalysts—The Introduction of Explosives and the Principles Governing Them.

When the first man in the old stone age thousands of years ago threw his first javelin against a hairy mammoth he put his foot over the threshold of the problem of explosives. For it seemed to him—and our feelings today are with him—that it would be more pleasurable if one could hurt and kill one's enemy without the gratuitous thrill of having to sit on the massive tusk on the verge of a cavernous mouth or of having to approach within a few paces of the huge legs which might the next moment descend upon him. It would be more convenient to stand at the cave entrance on a dizzy ledge of rock and hurl a weapon at the distant enemy.

So man was driven to invent the catapult, and a gun is merely a chemical catapult. The trigger is pulled back like the lather of the catapult, and the sudden and extraordinary expansion of the explosive corresponds to the elasticity of the rubber or spring, the essential feature of both instruments being the employment of some source of more than human power which can be made to yield up its energy at a given moment in the required way.

Explosives are, therefore, talismans of energy or power, and it is a just reminder of the fact that some substances are explosive generally, whereas quite a number of common things may be made explosive by some particular kind of treatment. When water boils on the fire there is no explosion as it is changed into steam, but if the spirit were sealed and the whole of the water could be changed into steam in a second there would be an explosion. And the instance is good because it is really a kitchen model of a volcano. Moreover, steam guns were used in America in the sixties.

The essential idea of an explosive is then the violent release of some pent-up thing; just the opposite, from this standpoint, of the catapult, which works by allowing a distended thing—the elastic—to contract suddenly, whereas all explosives release a compressed thing. The release gives rise to an air wave, and this, of course, is experienced as a sound. It is the sound which is popularly called an explosion.

Now, it has been said that an explosive is talisman of force, power, energy. How is it made available? It is easy to follow the mechanism of an explosive further. Explosives, as commonly used, are solid substances which, by burning, produce almost instantaneously an extraordinary large volume of gas. The heat and pressure of a blow cause the burning to start, and the burning also produces heat which, feeding upon the gas, increases the pressure still further. It may be suggested that there is no obvious reason why even a sudden and enormous expansion should cause the damage of an explosion. And the suggestion is quite just.

It is only when they are confined that explosives are really dangerous. Gunpowder buried in the open merely causes a noise like "puff" and burns quickly. Gunpowder may be burned on the hand—it is not to be recommended as a fashionable hobby—without any serious inconvenience. Indeed, gunpowder was first used as an incendiary composition. But a firework or a gun charged with gunpowder will explode with a loud report and may cause fatal wounds.

Gunpowder is the best known explosive mixture. It is made from the commonest ingredients—carbon, sulphur and saltpetre. There are several modifications of gunpowder, other nitrates being substituted for the saltpetre—potassium nitrates. The nitrates give the oxygen to the mixture, without which it would not burn at all, other explosive mixtures containing chlorates which have the same amount of oxygen as saltpetre and the nitrates. The different powders are used in different circumstances where a more violent or a slower or a safe explosive is required, for it is not always the same effect which one asks from an explosive. Velocity may at times be sacrificed, say, in favor of a higher weight of common shell. Gunpowder is a "low" explosive. Its explosion is slow, and its effect is less violently disruptive.

Dynamite is probably the best known "high" explosive, and the name does not stand for one particular substance, but for a large class, which are, in effect, diluted nitroglycerin and which are generally used for blasting.

Gunpowder may be described as a mixture of cotton wool (which the chemist would call cellulose). Both nitroglycerin and gunpowder are less useful as explosives themselves than their derivatives, although Russia and the United States use compressed wet gunpowder in their high explosive shells. One of the most famous derivatives is the smokeless propellant called cordite.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is not what the best men do but what they are that constitutes their benediction to their fellow men.—Phillips Brooks.

Left at the Post, So to Speak.
"He was a loyal employee of the post-office for thirty years."
"Faithful to the letter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When there is much light the shadows are deepest.—Goethe.

MODERN BAYONETS.

Rigid Tests They Must Pass Before They Go Into Service.

Any soldier will tell you that nothing in his equipment wears better than his bayonet, for this few inches of steel seldom snags or loses its shape except under the strain imposed upon it. This is because the modern bayonet has to pass through twenty-three severe tests before it is considered fit to be attached to a soldier's gun. A bayonet blade is forged from the finest steel, and the first stage of its manufacture consists of heating it until red hot, when it is placed under a hammer which deals 1,500 blows a minute. This process results in the original piece of steel being hammered out to twice its length. The bar is then heated again and rolled between two huge iron cylinders, which press it into the rough shape of a blade. Emery wheels then grind its edges until they are as sharp as a razor.

Altogether the bayonet passes through 200 processes before it is ready for the testing room.

The first test applied to the polished blade is the "striking" test. A steel arm grips the bayonet and with great force drives it against a solid piece of wood. A badly produced blade snaps like a needle, but a good piece of steel emerges from this severe test with its edges straight and undamaged.

Then comes the bending test. The point of the bayonet is firmly gripped in a vice, and it is bent and twisted into part of a circle. If it survives this ordeal the blade is placed straight up under a heavy weight attached to a lever. The steel is bent beneath the weight, and to pass this test it must lift up the mass of iron by its own elasticity.

However badly bent, a good bayonet should spring back perfectly straight, and it is tested for this quality before leaving the factory. The blade is placed on a curved block, the point being secured in a hole. The bayonet is then bent to the curvature of the block, and when released it must spring back to its original straightness to satisfy the rigid ruling of the inspector. Altogether a bayonet has to pass twenty-three tests with regard to its accuracy and strength.—London Answers.

CURIOUS FERRYBOATS.

Crossing the River at Simla is a Comical Performance.

Perhaps the most curious ferryboat to be found in the world is at Simla. The river that flows to the northeast of Simla, the chief town of the Simla hill station, has few bridges, so necessity being the mother of invention, a novel method has been adopted.

The skin of a buffalo is inflated with air and is placed, with the four feet upward, to float in the water. The owner then throws himself over it and the one or two passengers sit or lean on the top of him. By means of a small pulley in his right hand and the movement to and fro of his legs in the water the owner takes his passengers across.

The journey takes from three to five minutes, and the modest sum of a pice (one-half cent) is charged. It is only by repeated crossings in a day that a man can earn much, but so many natives use this means of going to and from their villages that the trade is not unremunerative.

Few things are more comical than these musketeers, whether moving in midstream or being carried back to the village at night on the owner's back. They are, of course, very light and are about two and a half yards long.

They seem to be safe, except in monsoon weather, when heavy rain has caused a rapid current, but at such a time two musketeers are often linked together, so that, being heavier, they can avoid the rocks.—London Strand Magazine.

He Strives to Please.

Lord Charles Bessborough tells in his memoirs the story of an old Irish gamekeeper who always agreed with everything that was said to him.

Meeting the old man one day when the wind was blowing a gale, Lord Charles said to him, "It's a fine, calm day today."

"You may well say that, Lord Charles," replied the gamekeeper with hearty acquiescence, "but what little wind there is is terrible strong."

So He Might.

Fair Dog Owner (anxiously)—I am so afraid poor Floss is going to have rabies, Mr. Vet. Mr. Vet.—Indeed, miss! I don't see any signs of it. Fair Dog Owner—But his poor little tongue is always hanging out of his mouth. Mr. Vet.—That, miss, is in accordance with a merciful dispensation of Providence. You see, if it hung out of his ear he might experience some difficulty in drinking.—Exchange.

Explained.

"Miss Blunt is wonderfully pleased with her portrait in the paper this morning."

"Is she? I'm pretty sure nobody would recognize it."

"Yes, that's what pleases her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Whole Family.

"What are you doing there with the paper and scissors, Elsie?"
"Making a pig, mamma."

"A pig! You're making a litter."—Boston Transcript.

Impossible.

Fortune Teller—I can see money coming to you and no sickness what ever. Client—That's funny. I'm the new doctor on the floor below.—New York Globe.

Not Superstitious.

"Are you really a painless dentist?"
"Surely I am. Didn't you read the sign on the office door?"

"Oh, yes. I read it, but I didn't believe in signs."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Rest is sweet after strife.—Owen Meredith.

RAILWAY ENGINES

Speed of Fast Locomotives and How It Is Attained.

BIG WHEELS A NECESSITY.

But Equally Important Are the Steam Valves, the Grates in the Firebox and the Ability to Make Steam Rapidly. Other Vital Factors.

The average person thinks that the bigger the locomotive and the greater the diameter of its driving wheels the faster it will go, and in the popular mind these are the only reasons one engine can "run faster" than another. The locomotive, though one of the simplest and best known of machines, embodies numerous devices not visible to the eye of the casual observer which are most vital elements in its efficiency and speed. For example, much of the power of the big express engine depends upon the steam valves and the grates in the firebox quite as much as it does upon the mere big wheels of the driving wheels. At the same time it is true that large wheels in ordinary fast running are a convenience and in the very highest speeds a necessity. It becomes necessary, of course, to lighten the load as the wheels are enlarged and increase the speed, which introduces the second phase of the problem—the grates and heating surface.

Fast engines, to continue their work for a long time at a stretch, must make steam very rapidly. To accomplish this the heat of the fire must come in contact with the water at a great many points. A large firebox involves a grate of large area to admit air to the fire—a difficult matter since but a small distance separates the wheels, the width of the firebox being thus limited, while the length must come within the limit to which the fireman can throw his coal.

A third factor is the counterbalance, the solid filling fixed between the spokes of the driving wheels opposite the connecting rods. This is to balance the weight of the cranks, parallel rods and connections and, in addition, the force on the wheels of the weight of the moving piston in the cylinder. Lacking this balance the wheels would roll too rapidly when the rods and connections were moving downward and too slowly when they were moving upward, thus causing a jerky motion.

However, as the influence of the weight is varied by the centrifugal force, which, in turn, is greater or less according as the speed is high or low, it happens that a counterweight which is suitable at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour produces an injurious "pound" on the rails at seventy-five miles an hour.

It follows, therefore, that the weight must be heavier than the rods and connections because a part of its office is to balance the piston and other parts that slide horizontally and are undisturbed by centrifugal force. As the speed increases the downward motion of the weight, as that part of the wheel rolls over to the front, makes the wheel with its load press down upon the rail with so much more force than it does when the weight is moving upward on the other side that the effect upon the rail is as if a heavy blow were delivered upon it with a hammer.

So to use an engine successfully at the highest speed it is necessary to make the counterweight lighter than would be correct for moderate speeds. The light weights are not necessarily dangerous at the lower speed, but their use would cause unnecessary wear and tear on the engine and the track and in some cases would even cause unpleasant jerks upon the passenger cars. For this reason fast engines are seldom built unless they can be used in fast service all the time.

Properly proportioned valve openings are absolutely essential to a fast engine. These admit the steam to the opposite ends of the cylinder alternately, as the connecting rod moves first forward and then backward, and in a fast engine they must admit a large volume of steam very quickly. The valves must be moved so as first to open one passage and close the other and then as rapidly as possible close the first and open the second.

It will be noticed by even the most casual observer that the opening to let the steam out of the cylinders into the smokestack is several times as large as that for admitting the "live" steam. But even with this it requires a considerable amount of power to force the steam out with sufficient quickness. This must be done in the fraction of a second.

There are many engines that can get steam into the cylinders quickly enough and that are otherwise all right for high speed, but which are not so arranged to get rid of this steam which has been used and is only in the way. It is this rapid expulsion of the "dead" steam that makes the vigorous puffs at the top of the chimney that seem to indicate that the locomotive is doing a tremendous amount of work. It should be remembered, however, that this noise is not the result of real work, but only of this after operation, which engine builders would avoid. There is a class of locomotives, those arranged on the "compound system," in which the puffs are so faint that the engine would seem to be doing nothing at all.—Washington Star.

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no crown; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

So Easy.

Gavin—There's one thing I like about Jones' shop; you can order your goods through the telephone and after a short wait have them delivered. Bailey—That is just what I don't like. Gavin—What? Bailey—The short wait.—New York Journal.

If thou art terrible to many then beware of many.—Aesop.

CHESS IS NOT SO SLOW.

Fifteen Moves an Hour Is the Rule in Championship Games.

What is the average length of time that a chess player in an international championship contest takes to move? Among more human players there are many traditions of how these peers of the game seem to make a move in less than an hour; nay, more, how they consume whole evenings and oftentimes days in a single move. Such tales are rife in rural chess circles.

Now, in hard fact, these superlatives move more rapidly than the everyday expert. The common limit in international championship matches is fifteen moves an hour; a player failing to get within this limit loses the game no matter how commanding his position; an average of four minutes to the move is considered ample time. Indeed, when Capablanca challenged Lasker for the world's championship he was held to be justified in refusing Lasker's condition that the limit be lengthened to twelve moves an hour.

In championship games a chess clock is always used. This has two dials, each dial controlled by a plunger. Immediately after black has moved while strikes his plunger, which starts the hands on his dial recording time. At the instant he moves he strikes his plunger again, halting the mechanism. Black then strikes the plunger of his dial, starting his clock in turn. The dials thus record the net time each consumes in moving.

Of course in practical play the contestants get more than the four minutes. The first eight or ten moves are almost always book plays, made in less than a minute each. This allows much time as credit on later moves. Furthermore, even when his opponent is moving, a player studies his own next move, based on the probable move of his opponent. But the day long or even the hour long move exists only in the imagination of the village champion.—Washington Post.

GOLD NUGGETS.

They Will Blister and Explode When Heated in a Bunsen Flame.

By what process is a nugget of gold compacted into form in which it is found? Sometimes a mass worth more than \$5,000 is found. In answer to the question there is cited the attempt of an investigator in Australia to ascertain the workings of nature in this respect. This investigator, says the Science Staffing, cut and sliced and polished gold nuggets with the sole purpose of ascertaining just what was their structure.

The first thing he discovered was that there is one curious point of resemblance between nuggets and meteorites. Both when polished and etched with chlorine water exhibit a crystalline structure. In the case of meteorites the lines thus exhibited on the etched surface are called Widmanstätten figures, and their presence is held to be one of the most invariable characteristics of these metallic bodies that fall from the sky to the earth. But it is not meant to be implied that gold nuggets have fallen from the sky because they exhibit a crystalline structure recalling that of meteorites. The resemblance is apparently only superficial, and the crystals of the nuggets differ in form from those of the meteorites.

Another curious fact is that when a nugget is heated in a Bunsen flame explosions take place on its surface. Blisters are formed which continue to swell until they burst with a sharp report, and bits of gold are violently scattered about. It is evident that the nuggets contain either gases or some liquids or solids which are easily converted into the gaseous form, the expansion of which produces the explosions.

Her Tribute.

When Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his fame a sturdy old Tory Scotchwoman, who detested his principles, but who was curious concerning his oratory, decided to attend a political meeting for the sake of hearing him. But "that something good might come of two hours spent in his company," she took her knitting along. When, the next day, a friend asked her opinion of the great liberal leader, she gave it honestly:

"Jean, there's nae doot ava', the men's a wonder. He garred me drop two stitches in Tammas' sock."

Precaution.

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I think so," replied the earnest young man. "But maybe we'd better live with you a few years so that I can find out exactly what it's like."—Washington Star.

In One Lesson.

He—Your sister said she couldn't dance.

She—Well, can she?

"Yes; I made her. We hadn't been on the floor a minute when I stepped on her foot. You just ought to have seen her."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Specialty.

"Hobbs grumbles when the weather is hot, and grumbles when it is cold."

"Isn't there anything he likes?"

"Yes, to grumble!"

The Real Trouble.

Husband—You spend altogether too much money. Wife—Not at all! The trouble is you don't make enough.—Boston Transcript.

Whom either serve or govern the possessor.—Horace.

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GUARDING GOLD AT SEA.

Armed Plate Rooms on Ocean Liners For Holding Bullion.

It would be natural to suppose that shipments of gold bullion back and forth across the Atlantic on big liners would be attended by considerable precautions, but there is probably no other place in the world where the transport of great wealth is carried on with such simplicity.

One of our great liners has two strong rooms, the smaller being in close proximity to the captain's quarters, while the other is next to the provision department. The small strong room has its walls, floor and ceiling lined with two inch steel plate and contains nothing in the way of furnishing other than shelves. This has more than once contained enough gold to buy the liner many times over.

The locks, which are of the double variety, are rendered still more secure by covering the keyholes with steel hoops, which are themselves locked in place with massive padlocks. This strong room, being located in the most frequented portion of the ship, is passed by persons at all hours of the day and night, which, after all, is the greatest protection.

The strong room located near the provision department is twelve feet long by four feet wide, and it often happens that both these rooms are filled to capacity with gold bullion. On one occasion the two rooms contained \$20,000,000 in gold bullion, packed in small kegs bound with steel hoops.—London Answers.

TAUGHT HIM HIS DUTY.

Now He Knows All About the Etiquette of the Droschky.

The Siberian method of riding in a droschky requires an etiquette all its own, which, although sometimes surprising to the English traveler who encounters it for the first time, is based upon practical considerations. The danger of being thrown out has deterred the prevailing usage, says Mrs. John Clarence Lee in "Across Siberia Alone."

If a gentleman escorts a lady it is his task to hold her in the carriage—not an easy occupation. He accomplishes it by putting his arm round her waist. A man who fails to do so is considered as lacking in courtesy. When you have become acquainted with the custom it seems entirely sensible and comfortable, but it seems strange at first to find yourself settling back into a stranger's arms.

An American who had lived in Russia and whom we met in China told us that he was driving with a woman physician, a Russian, middle aged and of round Russian type. He knew nothing about his duty toward her, and they thrashed round that three by five droschky until the woman turned angrily toward him.

"Have you been brought up in the backwoods that you don't know enough to hold me in this droschky?" she said. He immediately put his arm round her waist as far as it would go and held on hard.

How Standing Armies Originated.

The earliest European standing army was that of Macedonia, established about 355 B. C. by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. It was the second in the world's history, having been preceded only by that of Sesostris Pharaoh of Egypt, who organized a military caste about 1000 B. C. Of modern standing armies, that formed by the Turkish Janizaries was first, being fully organized in 1362. It was a century later that the standing army of France, the earliest in western Europe, was established by Charles VII. in the shape of "compagnies d'ordonnance," numbering 9,000 men. Rivalry thereupon compelled the nations to adopt similar means of defense. In England a standing army proper was first established by Cromwell, but was disbanded under Charles II. with the exception of a few regiments called the guards, or household brigade. This was the nucleus of England's present army.

FORCES OF NATURE.

Soft Their Touch, but Constant and Effective Their Work.

What adds to the wonder of the earth's grist is that the millstones that did the work and are still doing it are the gentle forces that career above our heads—the sunbeam, the cloud, the air, the frost. The rain's gentle fall, the air's velvet touch, the sun's noiseless rays, the frost's exquisite crystals, these combined are the agents that crush the rocks, pulverize the mountains and transform continents of sterile granite into a world of fertile soil.

It is as if baby fingers did the work of powder and dynamite. Give the clouds and the sunbeams lines enough and the Alps and the Andes disappear before them or are transformed into plains where corn may grow and cattle graze.

The snow falls as lightly as down and lies almost as lightly, yet the crags tumble beneath it; compacted by gravity, out of it grew the tremendous ice sheet that ground off the mountain summits, that scooped out lakes and valleys and modeled our northern landscapes as the sculptor his clay image.—John Burroughs.

They Knew.

"Now, children," said the teacher. "I've explained to you the nature of a fixed holiday. Now, give me an instance of a movable holiday."

And the class answered in chorus, "May the 1st."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Her Wavering Affections.

"Hobbs, I'm in love with that hat."

"You fall in love with too many hats. If you'll promise to remain constant to that one as much as six weeks I'll buy it for you."—Buffalo News.

There never was a man so strong but strong drink was stronger.—Detroit Free Press.

ANTICS OF TUMBLEWEED.

This Curious Bushy Growth Is the Clown of Vegetation.

Though Mark Twain tells about coyotes and prairie dogs, animals which I looked for, but regret to say I did not see, he ignores the tumbleweed, the most curious thing—animal, vegetable or mineral that crossed my vision as I crossed the plain. I cannot understand why Mark Twain did not mention this weed, because he must have seen it and it must have delighted him with its comical gyrations.

Tumbleweed is a bushy plant which grows to a height of perhaps three feet and has a mass of little twigs and branches which make its shape almost perfectly round. Fortunately for the amusement of mankind it has a weak stalk, so that when the plant dries the wind breaks it off at the bottom and then proceeds to roll it over and over across the land. I well remember the first tumbleweed we saw.

"What on earth is that thing?" cried my companion suddenly, pointing out through the car window. I looked. Some distance away a strange buff colored shape was making a swift, unceasing progress toward the east. It wasn't crawling, it wasn't running, but it was traveling fast with a rolling, tumbling, undulating motion like a barrel half full of whisky going down hill. Now it tilted one way, now another, now it shot swiftly into some slight depression in the plain, but only to come bounding lightly out again with an air indescribably gay, abandoned and haughty.

Soon we saw another and another. They became more and more common as we went along until presently they were everywhere, creeping in their mandarin course across the prairie and piled high against the fences along the railroad's right of way like a comical concealing snowdrifts.

Tumbleweed is the clown of vegetation, and it has the air as it rolls along of being conscious of its comicality. Like the smart cannie in the dog show which goes and overturns the basket behind the trainer's back or the circus clown who runs about with a rolling gait, tripping, turning double and triple somersaults, rising, running on, tripping, falling and turning over and over again.—Julian Street in Collier's Weekly.

WATER AND LIGHT.

Why One Can See Deep into the Sea When High Above It.

The reason why one is able to see to a greater depth in water when he is at a considerable height above it than when he stands on a level with it is because of the absence of pronounced refraction by the molecules of water. One above the surface of perfectly still water, looking exactly downward toward the center of the earth, will see an object deep in the water by means of rays of light that have been reflected vertically upward. Therefore there is no refraction or bending of the rays out of their straight course from object to eye.

But if you attempt to see an object at the bottom of a lake when standing on the bank the light has to traverse a much greater thickness of water, which quenches a portion, or maybe all, of the waves of light, and all not quenched are bent to quite a distance out of the original straight line. And the well known index of refraction of light (if of one kind) from water to air is 1.33, or the ratio of the sines of angles of incidence and refraction.

Proof: Place a straight stick in a basin, and it will appear to be straight as it really is; pour in water and the stick will appear to be bent by the phenomena attending refraction. For without refraction of light by glass, for instance, we could not have telescopes and microscopes.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Earning a Spanking.

A lady who had company to tea reproved her little son several times, speaking, however, very gently. At last, out of patience, she said sharply: "Jimmy, if you don't keep still I'll send you away from the table!"

"Yes; that's what you always do when there's company and there are not enough cakes to go round!" was the reply of the gifted youth.—Pearson's Weekly.

Curious Old Lace.

Of all the curious kinds of lace, especially old lace, the most curious is that which is called point tresse. It is very rare and was made of human hair. French collectors say it exists in the present day only in their cabinets. It was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century.

"How do You Like your new flat?"

"All right, except that a fellow across the hall is learning to play the cornet."

"You ought to get a trombone."

"I did; that's why he got the cornet."—Boston Transcript.

A Jar to Him.

"Then you didn't enjoy seeing congress in session?"

"No, I did not," admitted the efficiency expert. "They made so many unnecessary motions."—Judge.

A True Report.

"I heard you had a big blowout at your house yesterday."

"So I had. Two tires on my automobile."—Baltimore American.

Gentle Hint.

He—Once for all, I demand to know who is master in this house? She—You'll be happier if you don't find out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sometimes They Come True.

First Trump (anxiously)—Do you know, papa, they say dreams come true? Second Trump—They do sometimes. When I was a kid I used to dream of the time I could wear a pig tail. I hear them now all the time. I wear more than any boy here.—Burlington.

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WHEN MEN WORE MUFFS.

Likewise Silk Stockings and Plaid Shawls and Capes.

In the good old days about which so many men so dreamily read and profess to reverence, and when men were believed to be more bold and dashing and daring than they are now, the muffs were the thing of winter wear for men.

It was a regular part of a gentleman's cold weather toilet.

Among Horace Walpole's Christmas letters to his friend George Montagu, in 1754, were "Anecdotes of Painting," a pamphlet on "Libels," the "Castle of Otranto" and a muffs. That was the first of the muffs for men. It had been an article of men's apparel for many years before, and men retained the muffs for long years afterward, it being cast off when men wore colored silks and satins, and lace and jeweled shoe buckles.

It was not so far back in American history that men wore silk stockings—yet merely silk socks—and knee puttees and fancy garter buckles, and many men walking the streets of Washington today remember when they were brilliant plaid shawls and when the cloth caps called a "huff" was the height of masculine fashion. Now and then one sees a specimen of the old school walking along with a gold-headed cane and wearing a somewhat heated, frayed or shiny "calma."—Washington Star.

A Heart.

Being unmarried Prof. Dr. Privy, Commissioner of the University of Blackwell, was compelled to make his way along the gauntlet of the Golden Eagle, when he inevitably limited himself to one-half liter of the creamy amber beer which, next to the university, was the greatest institution of this town. Once there, however, he did not lack for company, being surrounded not only by other citizens listening to something more, but also by a host of students who, having been attracted to Blackwell chiefly by the professor's fame, deemed themselves honored by his permission to sit near and overhear respectfully to the words of his wisdom.

It is well known that all that concerns matters of the heart no one in the world has worthily gained a great reputation as Prof. Dr. Trubendorf. He went home one evening at the usual hour and was received at the door by Mrs. Trubendorf, who, to his surprise, had not been home for some time. He went to his room, which opened upon his laboratory and his wonderful private collection. Sitting in his favorite armchair near a table covered with glass jars containing specimens, he thought himself that an unbroken sleep was possibly becoming slightly difficult of digestion for his elderly stomach.

Picking up a pamphlet noteworthy by virtue of some rather startling and novel theories, he became much interested, and he soon and without intention at once suggested certain contradictory facts. The booklet fell upon his lap, the while he meditated and closed his eyes.

Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a light touch on the arm. Looking up in some bewilderment he found that a young lady had slipped into the room—surely no student of instruction and was standing beside his chair. He gazed at her in no little astonishment. It seemed to him rather inexplicable eyes that her duty called him to the room—surely no student of instruction and was standing beside his chair. He gazed at her in no little astonishment. It seemed to him rather inexplicable eyes that her duty called him to the room—surely no student of instruction and was standing beside his chair.

"You know all that can be learned about hearts, with perhaps a tiny exception. No human being is wholly exempt from error, and you have made a little mistake once, it seems to me."

"A mistake?" cried the professor. "Just a little one, dear Fritz. I may be able to show you."

She stepped into the laboratory, in which were many big shelves covered with glass jars. The light hardly penetrated the room, yet she went unerringly to a corner and put her hand up quite high, rising on her toes. Then she returned with a white-necked receptacle in which hung a specimen.

"There it is!" she cried. "I know where it was!"

The professor took the jar from her. No, Fritz, he said. "It is the heart of Lotta, my little cousin."

"You," she asserted; "it is my heart and must have been quite interesting. It must have passed under the eyes of many eager students, and perhaps it has taught them just a little. But there was no mistake here," stated the professor.

"We will call it your inability to see everything," said the young woman soothingly. "There always must be some little thing that escapes us in this world or we should no longer be men and women. I was a little younger than you, although we often played together, and I was very unhappy when you went away to study and become a great man. When you returned during the holidays that always seemed dreadfully short the child admired you, and you were always very kind to her. At the expectations of your homecoming her heart would beat a great deal faster. As the seasons passed into years that admiration and those heartbeats changed into something that was a longing, a wonderful desire, yet you began to come more seldom, and the time you could spare to me grew less. Your thoughts traveled beyond me, from the world at your feet to greater and always going further away; yet as the distance between us increased the longing became keener until it became a pain that clutched that little heart and hurt it so deeply that at night I had to weep with the pang it brought me. I was a big girl then. Indeed, I had become a woman."

"Poor little Lottchen," said the old professor, taking one of her soft hands within his wrinkled ones.

"Then my mother called in the old family doctor, and he listened long and shook his head."

"Dr. Trubendorf, the young lady's cousin," he said, is the man who should be consulted about her case. He is now probably the greatest expert in the country for troubles of the heart, and is the one best able to cure her."

your thoughts too lofty, and it was this that left a loophole for the little mistake. You could not see that the unruly heart troubled on your account that every fiber of it was entwined about you. How could you have known it?"

The professor could not answer. He was listening humbly, to things into which his philosophy had never delved. Within his breast were waking regrets and longings from which he had always thought himself immune.

"Fritz, dear," she continued and from her lips his boyhood's name sounded wondrously sweet, "you must not give over that little mistake, for I have very long been reconciled to it. Sometimes I was pleased to think that you were not able to see. You were always so good and kind to me that perhaps if your vision had been clearer you might have been drawn away from your great work. Your affection for the child companion of your boyhood days might have changed into a great compassion, and that might have led you to offer me the great and only remedy a place within your heart. And then I should have clung to you, as the ray around the oak, and perhaps I should have hindered your full development. Since my heart is only as high as your breast, you would have been compelled to look at lower levels and to give to love some of the passion you have bestowed upon research. The quiet of your workroom might even have been disturbed by the noise of baby notes, by cries of a little thing that would have been flesh of your flesh, and would also have claimed its share of your love and minutes out of your busy hours. Doubtless everything happened for the best, since my heart was only one of a series, as you said, while your personality was that of one too great to notice such little things."

"It was that of a blind person!" cried the old professor, with one hand held pressed upon his breast. "It was that of one who could not see that a love like yours is the very heat and greatest reward a man can strive for."

"Oh, Fritz, dear!" she exclaimed like a mother trying to control a hurt child. "I fear now that your goodness is leading you away and bringing to you notions that do not beseem a learned professor. Just now how much I have disturbed you in these few moments! I should indeed have been a great hindrance to you. I am glad that you were never compelled to be the slave of two loves between which you might have fallen to the level of other men. I will go now, dear Fritz, and I implore you to have no regrets. You have been seeing me with the eyes of forty years ago, and looking at my heavy tresses and big, young eyes. But in truth, you ought to see me as the old woman I should now be, with the tresses fallen, the eyes no longer deep and laughing and nothing left of youth but my love for you, Goodbye, Fritz, and bear always with you the memory of my gratitude for your kindness and gentleness to me in the old days."

"Must you go, must you leave?" he cried, despairingly.

"Yes, dear love, like the dreamers of youth and the stars of flowers that have faded and the music of songs that have passed away. But I leave you my heart, the heart you have kept so many years."

"Dear heart!" cried the old man, nothing.

The long remembered room melted away, and Professor Dr. Privy Commissioner Trubendorf awoke with streaming eyes. He was grasping No. 371, a specimen from the finest collection in Europe, in hands that trembled with the pangs of great emotions.—By George Van Schick.

He Got Away With It.

The efforts of the present czar of Russia to check intemperance in the army recalls the fact that the late Emperor Alexander tried hard to put a stop to alcoholism, especially among the officers. Whenever a case of intemperance came to his notice, he ordered summary punishment of the offender.

One evening an officer of the guards, decidedly the worse for liquor, was driving home in an open "drozky" on one of the chief boulevards of Petrograd. Suddenly, to his utter horror, he saw the car in open carriage coming from the opposite direction. Motioning the officer's carriage driver to stop, and stepping his own carriage to stop, the officer exclaimed, in an angry tone: "Major—what are you doing here?"

Putting himself together, partly horrified by the czar's presence, the officer stood up, saluted and replied, with a shaky voice: "Your majesty. I am taking a drunken officer to the guard house."

This presence of mind and ready wit pleased the emperor so much that he pardoned the officer then and there.

Two of a Kind.

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee had dinner with a curious old mountaineer, who yawned about hard times 15 minutes at a stretch.

"Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping green corn to the northern market."

Good Results in the Gipsy Moth Campaign.

Washington, D. C. Satisfactory progress in the campaign against the gipsy moth and the brown-tail moth in New England since the reorganization of this work in March, 1915, is announced in a report on this work just issued by the Bureau of Entomology, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. However, of the enormous area already infested it has been impossible to cover much of the woodland and the insect has gradually spread. On the other hand, scouting work and hand treatment of the egg clusters have materially checked this spread toward the west, and other methods of control have greatly reduced the infestation in certain areas.

At the present time the campaign is being conducted along two distinct lines: First, there is the field work which consists of scouting and hand treatment of the insects, and inspection of products shipped from the infested area in order to prevent the spread of the pest; second, experimental work is being carried on in order to determine the advantages to be derived from the introduction of parasites and other natural enemies of the moth, and also in order to ascertain the best methods of treating woods and forests in order to deprive the pests of their food. An average of about 275 men is employed in these two branches of the work.

Excellent results are reported from the imported parasites of the gipsy moth during the past year. Over 2,000 colonies have been located in a large number of towns.

Another factor in keeping down the gipsy and brown-tail is the use of certain chemical remedies very difficult, and a large amount of work is still necessary in order to discover the conditions most favorable for its increase and development.

A matter on which the report lays special emphasis is the fact that a number of towns are not favorably for the support of the gipsy moth larvae. Wherever possible, therefore, these should be substituted for trees that are especially susceptible. This can frequently be done with distinct commercial importance. For example, in many of the infested areas there are large numbers of oaks and gray birch. These are very susceptible to the attack of the gipsy moth. The white pine on the other hand is immune except when growing with oak or gray birch, and if substituted for the other trees will grow to much better advantage and yield a much more valuable product. A list of trees which are not susceptible and of those which are not is contained in the report.

Embarrassing.

In South Africa Gen. French earned the title of "the shirt-sleeved general." Mr. Gladstone says: "In John French, Gen. French was often to be seen walking about in camp in shirt sleeves. One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the lines, and seeing a soldier sitting on a bundle of hay smoking a dilapidated looking old briar pipe, asked where the general was."

"The old man is somewhere about," coolly replied the soldier.

"Well, hold my horse while I go search for him."

"Certainly, sir," and the soldier rode obediently and took the briar.

"Can you tell me where the general is?" inquired the correspondent of a staff officer further down the line.

"Gen. French? Oh, he is somewhere about. Why, there he is holding that horse's head."

And the officer pointed directly to the smoker holding still tranquilly pulling at his pipe and holding the horse.

A Diplomatic Rebuke.

A well-known Western senator recently visited a barber shop, where the barber, failing to recognize his patron, was very talkative.

He ventured on all the timely topics of the day, and although the senator did not apparently enter into the spirit of the conversation very keenly, the senator's artistic enthusiasm was not visibly dampened. Finally he asked:

"Have you ever been in here before?"

All Sorts.

"This rhyme may not be funny, but I'll bet I am right; Some women sing for money, And others sing for spite."

"I believe," said the beautiful heiress, "that the happiest marriages are made by the opposites."

"Just think how poor I am!" urged the young man. Philadelphia Record.

"Will you go through fire and water for me, Henry?"

"Yes, Henry. Will you go through a cooking school for me?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"I say old man, do you believe in metamorphosis?"

"I certainly do. I once owned an automobile."

"I fall to see the connection."

"Well, it turned turtle."

"Bacon—" "Gave my wife a rainbow kiss when I left home this morning."

"Egbert—" "What in the world is a rainbow kiss?"

"Bacon—" "One that follows a storm."

To tell a mushroom, merely eat the specimen that you may meet, And note, next day, with studious care, If you've stayed here or gone elsewhere.

"Our dairyman's cows look very dejected."

"Maybe that is why our milk is so blue."—St. Paul Dispatch.

"Do you think a man ought ever to trust to luck?" "Sometimes," replied Senator Borah.

"I know people whose judgment is so bad that the less they try to use it the better off they are."—Washington Star.

GOOD MANNERS.

Little Acts That Speak Loud About a Person's Breeding.

It is always the inmost trifles rather than the big things of life which indicate the manners and tastes of the average person, says a writer in the London Chronicle. A glaring social error, a particularly rude action or tactless speech are not made with too great frequency, but other less obvious faults are often committed—sometimes solely through ignorance or want of thought.

It is just as grave a mistake to be too polite as to be abominably rude. The painstakingly polite person is very trying to encounter, for extremes often meet, and he generally succeeds in being actually ill bred. For instance, there is always the man who, in the mistaken idea that a woman should always precede him, allows her to fight her way into a crowded train, descend unaided and walk before him into a restaurant that is rather full.

Removing his right glove before shaking hands with a woman; raising his hat when he offers a damsel his seat in a car; carefully placing his fair companion across a crowded street; walking on the outside of the pavement and refraining from sitting when talking to a woman who happens to be standing, are all instances of these little things which mark the good breeding and thoughtfulness of a man.

Unfortunately in some cases these things do not come by instinct, but rather through the hard school of experience.

On the other hand, a woman requires to be just as careful of her manners. It is very exciting no doubt to talk lightly and initiate casual conversations with another woman. Unfortunately the listeners are only contemptuously impressed with the fact that the speaker is incapable of controlling her own voice.

It is usually either nervousness or thoughtlessness that prompts a woman to display her worst side to the world. She will take a seat that is offered to her in a crowded car without a word of thanks or else will make the elderly person feel that more embarrassment is by a quick and emphatic refusal to profit by his generosity, or perhaps she will rush through a doorway without bothering to notice if any one is likely to be caught in the rebound, elbow people who are in her way, walk on the wrong side of the street or fail to remember that she must always bow first to her men acquaintances before they take their hats.

Love and a Billiard Ball.

The late Frank G. Ivy, the great billiardist, was very proud of the peculiar strength of his right arm. Birkling the ball with one quick, sharp blow of his cue, the ivory would strike eleven cushions while flying around the table. He beat "Wizard" Schaefer and Eugene Carter by three feet and nine inches.

Bob Fitzsimmons, who was credited with striking a blow that was compared to the kick of a mule, could barely touch nine cushions, while Jim Corbett made about eight, yet Jess weighed only about 145 pounds at the time.—New York Journal.

Love, Life and Eugenics.

Suppose the eugenists could have their way and banish love, who would care to live? What purpose would life have? It would have none. There would be no life, only an existence, wearisome and dull. The world feels that love is beautiful, it sees in practice that it is true. Love keeps the world, love keeps it, only to love shall it be given in the future. Therefore have poets sung it and story tellers told of it; therefore do eyes shine and cheeks burn for it. Therefore it is the soul of art, of music, of literature.—Atlantic Monthly.

AN ICEBERG AT SEA.

One of the Most Awful Inspiring Spectacles in Nature.

There is nothing in nature so inspiring and awe inspiring as the iceberg, writes Lacey Amy in the Wide World Magazine. It gives an overpowering sense of relentless force, of dignity and of brilliance.

Beneath the sun's vivid rays or the dark clouds of threatening storm, in the moon's cold beams or dimly through the shadows of moonless night, in calm and tempest—every one of them, from the tiny "growler" to the huge mass of spray, rears at first glimpse an awe undiminished by a growing appreciation of its beauty.

Always before one is the thought that but an eighth of the iceberg's bulk shows above the water, the remainder stretching down and down into the blue-green depths and out and out until capsize breathes freely only when the horizon is clear of them. Far out in the ocean, with the largest steamers passing swiftly miles inside, they ground upon the bottom in tremendous depths and calmly await the relieving touch of sun and current.

In the wildest seas and strongest gales these frigid mountains float undisturbed. There could be no sea sickness on an iceberg, for its foundations are fathoms below the wave disturbance.

An Earthquake.

The horror of experiencing an earthquake has been set down by F. S. Lyman, who was in the Hawaiian Islands some years ago, when there began a series of earthquakes in the southern flanks of a so-called "quiet volcano."

"First the earth swayed to and fro from north to south, then from east to west, then round and round, up and down, and finally in every imaginable direction, for several minutes, every thing cringing around and the trees thrashing as if torn by a hurricane, and there was a sound as of a tubular wind. It was impossible to stand. We had to sit on the ground, brace with hands and feet to keep from being carried over. The villages on the shore were swept away by the great wave that rushed upon the land immediately after the earthquake."—Exchange.

BAGGING A HIPPO.

How It Is Done and How the Flesh of the Animal Tastes.

There are two ways of bagging a hippopotamus, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and neither is justified unless the sportsman is sorely in want of food, for its meat is very poor indeed and wants a good deal of preparation to be palatable to any one except the starving. It has a taste I can only describe as fishy, something what beef would taste like after being wrapped up for a couple of days with a Scotch larder of doubtful freshness.

The hippo may be shot in water. When mortally wounded he will sink and will not reappear on the surface for several hours, consequently a firing lookout has to be kept for the carcass. If he is only slightly wounded he may charge, but more often he will flee and dive in the reeds to serve as food for scavenger birds or crocodiles.

The other and more sporting way is to shoot him on land. This is, as a rule, only possible at night or late in the evening and early in the morning. It would not be wise to find oneself between the river and the wounded hippo, for he at once makes for the water by the shortest route, and he goes so fast that getting out of his way requires pretty good feet and great coolness of nerve.

Take rest: a field that has rested yields a bountiful crop.—Owl.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

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